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To My Friends, Mr. & Mrs. Littlefield

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E. L. Gallatin

WHAT LIFE HAS TAUGHT ME.

BY

E. L. GALLATIN.

JNO. FREDERIC,
PRINTER. ....
DENVER, COLO.

PREFACE.

A book, without a title, would seem as odd as the sentiments expressed in this little book, and, strange to say, the writer never thought of a title until the young lady who is typewriting and correcting the mistakes, asked me what title I had selected for my book.

Well, a seventy-two year old amateur writer is liable to get out of line and fall short. I suppose a book without some name would be like a ship without a rudder, drifting and calling for a tow line of some friend to pull it in. But, friends, this little sketch is not expected to go beyond those who know the writer and will not be sold unless it might be to help some one who needs help, but I do not flatter myself that it would keep any one from starving.

I might call it, "My Opinions;" but who cares for our opinions? We all have them. Are they worth reading? I could call it, "My Experiences in the West." Such are yet galore. Old Father Wiggins at the Post Office can give them out by the yard, colored with hardships and narrow escapes from Indians. Captain Billy Wise is on tap at any time to be drawn out on long marches, starvation and eternal vigilance to save his scalp. Dave Cook, the pioneer detective and sheriff, is a living store-house of Western adventure. So a plain citizen that never held any office, or shouldered a musket has very little to attract attention in these days of mental strain that is upon our American people. They are fever-

ish and want sensation. The plain truth is not satisfying. To get the truth in any subject before them it must take the form of romance, well colored. They climb the ladder of life in leaps. If they fall in the attempt they get up and try it again and again, until old age comes to weaken their determination to become rich.

After some thought about titles which might fit the subject matter which is miscellaneous in its nature, I have decided to call it, "The Lessons of Life," or "What Life has Taught Me." If my friends or descendents can get here and there a thought that appeals to their judgment as being worthy of their consideration, I will be only too glad to have them use it. The thoughts, expressed in this book, are my honest convictions, though they may not accord with yours in any respect. A man or woman without some personal opinions is a blank and must pass as such until time rubs that one up to the standard by which he or she will be known by an individual personality.

INTRODUCTION.

When one writes a history of one's own life, it is supposed that that one must have something of more than ordinary interest to relate or must through some public capacity belong to History. This is not necessary, however, if the History is not forced upon the public. Then it is private property as any other effects that one may leave behind. I, for one, would be very happy to have a brief history of the lives of my own father and mother and of their parents but they left nothing of genealogy that can be traced even one generation.

My father was born in Pennsylvania and of Swiss parents. My mother was born in Kentucky, near, or in Lexington. She was of Scotch descent and her maiden name was Thompson. She was married to my father at Lexington, Kentucky, and they moved to St. Louis, Missouri, when it was a French village in the far west. My father rode on horse back across the country on a tour of inspection before moving the family and being satisfied returned and built what is known as a kiel boat, having a sharp or rounded prow with roof.

In this he stored all his worldly effects, with the family, and two men. They floated down the Ohio river to its junction with the Mississippi river and from there up to St. Louis. It was a tug of hardship. With a long rope two men on shore pulled this boat while one with a long pole kept it from the shore.

Steam boats were not in fashion at that time and rail roads only in the inventor's dream. Flat boats as

they were called floated down the Mississippi river loaded with all varieties of produce, to New Orleans. Such boats were sold for what the owners could get when unloaded and the crew would walk back to points from whence they started, from eight hundred to twelve hundred miles, and I am creditably informed, they were so used to it that it was not thought any great hardship and they would swing off sixty miles a day. These clumsy home made boats were very plenty up to 1860, long after modern double-engine steamboats navigated all streams large and small. Since railroads have cross-cut every state and paralelled every river, the grand old steam boats have gone never to return. They are too slow for the nervous dyspeptic American. Life is too short to take comfort. One must amass a fortune before he is forty and lose his health, then travel to save his life a few years longer.

The grand old river, the Father of Rivers in North America, floated all kinds of inland craft, from the small trading boat to the palatial steamer like the A. T. Shotwell, J. M. White, Henry Chouteau and Crystal Palace. Each could carry and feed one thousand persons and give them all the comforts of a well arranged home. They had crews of sixty men to load and unload goods. A negro crew added much to the life and excitement of these boat trips, as the negroes always had more interest in their work than white men that dropped down to the low calling of a deck hand. They would gather on the forecastle and sing their boat songs at night while the boat was gliding along, till the shore would ring for miles on either side. They became adepts in loading bales of cotton. They worked in pairs with bale hooks and made the bales spin up and down a stage plank and landed

them with dexterity away up until one could see nothing but smoke stacks above the cotton bales. Deep down in the hold of the vessel were thousands of stacks of corn, wheat, oats and bacon.

The constant change of scenery and river towns at which the boats landed gave new interest every hour of the day. At night after the tables were cleared the boat band of two or three pieces would strike up the music and dancing commenced or songs were sung and all were made happy.

The bill of fare furnished on the first class boats was par excellent, fitting the taste of any stomach worshipper, from plain food well cooked for the careful eater to the fastidious epicure. The Mississippi valley, covering millions of rich acres of land which produced tropical and semi-tropical fruits reaching northern products, made it possible for the traveling caravansaries to fill any bill of fare at any time of year. Louisiana melons, berries and oranges could be had while snow covered the upper Mississippi valley. Fresh oysters in the shell in barrels from Mobile Bay, fresh and salt water fish, wild game and domestic produce could be obtained at almost any landing, fresh and cheap.

St. Louis was then the mart for all the upper Mississippi valleys and the Mississippi river. At her long wharf could be found boats from all navigable rivers that fed the Father of Rivers from small stern-wheel flat-bottom boats that plied up and down the Ozark, Tennessee, Columbia, Illinois and Tallahassee rivers, to the Ohio, Missouri and upper and lower Mississippi, monster steamers, like the John Simons and Eclipse.

Honest and slow business men of St. Louis were not progressive. They did not see their opportunity of hold-

ing this vast trade against their rival on the lake, Chicago, who was ready to build a rail road to any point where she could increase her trade. She soon had the largest grain and stock market in the borders of our country, attracting the attention of the whole commercial world by her aggressive moves. Even New York is in danger of losing her laurels as the first city in population and as a business center. Chicago outbid her for the World's Fair of 1893, and Chicago outdid the world in grandeur and massiveness in her preparations; nothing like it had ever been put before the world on so large and beautiful a scale as the White City.

It was an unfortunate year for it. Dull times had been gradually creeping on the people since the demonitization of silver through the connivance of England and her bribed tools, John Sherman, and others. By stealth it was accomplished in 1873, and in 1893 the deadfall came in no mistaken manner. The repeal of the Sherman act by a called session of Congress by Grover Cleveland knocked out the last prop for silver and the climax came in July, when banks by the dozen closed their doors, and times have steadily grown worse, wages going down and thousands out of employment half the time, till laborers can barely exist. This is the object lesson Cleveland wanted to show the American people, while he got his millions for carrying out the bargain made by John Sherman to sell his people out to England.

John G. Carlisle, one of Kentucky's favored sons, sold himself and turned traitor to his people to be Grover Cleveland's Secretary of the Treasury and carry out the behests of the money mongers. The poor miserable worm of the earth is squirming under his own repeated speeches made years ago. W. J. Bryan in his campaign

for the peoples' rights, fired these words back at the traitor when he spoke so well for justice years ago, and now would deny it if he could for gold.

Benedict Arnold or Aaron Burr could not hold a candle as traitors compared with these gold standard traitors that dance under the flag of the Republican party and rob the people. Their political blindness is past all understanding as to honest methods. In fact, honesty, with them, is a by-word. They teach that every man has a price on his head in the matter of bribery, and with this thought foremost, in their actions, they have robbed the people over and over again, and still, they in blindness cry for help and again fall in the ditch.

CHAPTER I.

This day, September 5th, 1896, the writer of this little sketch has reached his sixty-eighth mile-post, having been born in St. Louis, Mo., in 1828.

While I was very young my parents moved to Monroe County, Illinois, thirty miles below St. Louis, on the banks of the Mississippi river, to hew out a new home in the heavy timber and make a new start in the world. My father, through a mistaken view of his duty as a friend, had allowed certain persons to prey upon him for support and signed notes and other obligations until it involved him so that he lost all he had in making the contracts good. Then their friendship ended as usual in all such transactions.

In this double log cabin the eight of us were housed. A small clearing was made and seeds were sown and new hopes kindled. But Father became impatient. It was too slow for him, a man full of activity. Some friends told him of the great possibilities of Texas, then a territory, ceded by old Mexico to some adventurous Americans. So he, with my oldest brother, Albert Gallatin, started with a herd of horses which, he was told, would sell for fabulous prices. He found this a mistake, but he could and did trade them for a large amount of fine land. But the land in Texas was like water in the ocean. It had but little value. There was so much of it that it could not be utilized. Father wore himself out on it, was taken sick and died about the year, 1840.

My mother, my next older brother, John T. Gallatin, three sisters, Margaret, Ellen and Mary, and myself, the youngest of all, moved across the river to the village of Herculaneum, on the Missouri side, where the family

managed to make a living. As my mother was a good manager and a great economist, her untiring industry managed to make ends meet. She made all the clothes I wore, of old clothes given her and made me look as clean and genteel as any of the village boys. But like most boys I did not realize what labor and anxiety was expended by my mother for me, and thought it hard that I could not go to shows and have skates and many things that other boys of my age had. I could not reason the matter out then.

But I learned after her death how it was without her care for me. I found that no one took the place of mother. My brothers and sisters married and had their own family cares which were about all they could manage. They were kind to me and gave me a chance to get some of such teaching as was found in the common country school during winter terms. I was a poor student and did not make the best of my opportunities, which I have regretted all my life.

At the age of seventeen years I got a situation, to learn the saddlers' trade with one Thornton Grimsley, through the influence of Mr. James Bissel, a good thoughtful rich man, who saw my need of a trade and the better conditions it would bring, above that of a common day-wage worker, with no skill, and I shall never forget his kindness in noticing me, a poor green country boy. Grimsley was a peculiar man of very strong predjudices, likes and dislikes.

He had at one time previous to my coming, a left-handed Irish boy who was dull to learn anything, and Grimsley judged the fault to his being left-handed, while the fault was not in his left hand but in his head. Poor

Pat Casey never ceased to get all the blame for every mistake made in the shop.

This laid the foundation that caused all coming boys who might have this misfortune to be barred from learning the trade with Thornton Grimsley, as he made a strong resolution never to have a "south-pawed boy," as he termed the left-handed. This was my misfortune and he, from some oversight, did not catechise me on that point. The boys soon saw my lameness and told me that if the boss found that I was left-handed he would certainly discharge me. This put me on my guard and I learned to use all tools except the hammer and table knife with my right hand. So I escaped being discharged for one year, before he made the discovery of my misfortune, and that was when I was not on my guard, at the Sunday dinner table.

There were a number of us and he was calculating how much each one of us was worth to him in dollars and cents and he noticed I was using my knife in my left hand. He was thunder-struck and when he had recovered enough to speak he said: "Sir, are you left-handed?" "Yes sir," I said, "I am." You can never learn the trade," he said. "Please give me a chance to try," said I, "don't discharge me." He did not discharge me but he haggled me from that day until two years after, when my apprenticeship was out, until I revolted and offered to bet him ten dollars that I could do anything that he could do and as good and as quick. After that I had some peace but he never lost his predjudice toward me.

In large manufactories one individual cuts a small figure in the personal sense, unless he fills some special place through his capability.

I had two men of this character as my friends, both fine workman, during my four and one half years of apprenticeship.

Thomas Hart, who was killed at Palmyra, Missouri, by a jealous husband, saved me from the heavy drudgery by telling Grimsley that it was a shame to work any decent white boy so hard when he had an idle negro about. Mr. Hart had many noble qualities and was about the handsomest man I ever saw, six feet tall, straight as an Indian, with fine form, splendid head and face, black curly hair, eagle nose and black silky whiskers, just heavy enough to look handsome, and courageous as a lion.

My other friend was S. F. Currie, an older man, large and fine looking and mild in manner. He too was a fine character and fully understood human nature. He saw my difficulty in mastering my trade and would often lose his own time to instruct me and help me out of my dilemma. He was one of nature's noblemen. All his impulses were on the side of the oppressed and he had no fears of doing right at all times. He was a model workman at his trade but could have filled almost any position among men. His and his noble wife's pictures in life size adorn my parlor walls. They and their family were always my friends. Most of them have gone to the other shore to continue their good work, while I linger on this side awaiting the bugle call.

Though I am not extremely old, there are only a few of my school-mates left to tell the story of school days, which shows how brief and uncertain is the sojourn on this mundane sphere of which we make so much in all our efforts, as though it would last always. In the thousands that are born few reach old age, thousands are cut off in childhood.

The writer has witnessed the effects of two wars in our country, and three financial panics, one siege of the Asiatic cholera and the great flood of the Mississippi valley in 1844, and never was seriously affected by any of them; never went without food that was needed and never went ragged; never got so high in life that it would hurt him to fall.

CHAPTER II.

After many years of hard work trying to scale the ladder that leads to comfort in my native state, and finding all my efforts abortive, I decided to try some new field. I had missed the golden chance of California in its great mining days of 1858 and '59, when many of my friends went. Ten years later when news of the Pike's Peak gold discoveries filled the daily papers with vague reports, I carefully read the letter writer of the St. Louis Republic.

In those letters there was an expression of sincerity that led me to believe there was truth in them and I read them to my employer, Mr. John Landis of Independence, Mo., and finally got him interested to the extent that he fitted up two four-mule teams and loaded them with saddlery, such as, in his judgment, would be salable in a mining country.

On May 28th, 1860, we bade farewell to our friends. There were five of us, Mr. Landis, the owner, Lee Scott, Mat Kelly, the experienced plainsman, Old Uncle Rob, a colored man, and myself.

Uncle Rob was installed as cook; Scott and myself took charge of the rear team, Kelly and Mr. Landis of the front team and we also had an extra pony. Kelly was made wagon master, to look for camping ground and tell

us when to start and stop. Each one was supposed to do any camp duty that came up and not wait to be told. This I proceeded to do, in all earnestness to learn and do my duty and I did it so well that Kelly insisted that I had done camp duty before and could not fool him by saying I had not.

In a few days we were joined by the McClain brothers, their sister, Mrs. McCook, and a Milwaukee banker, Peckham by name. They were strangers to us but wanted to travel with us as we had tools and repaired their wagon. Only one of them had ever camped out and they filled Kelly's sails full of flattery for his good management and soon his Irish head began to swell and he had to show his authority in some way. He thought Scott and myself the best subjects to try it on, and soon it was impossible for us to do anything to satisfy his highness. It soon became too irksome to stand his insulting actions with us and our team, and we talked the matter over. Not wishing to get into any unpleasantness, we thought best to bear and forbear but it grew day by day harder to stand.

One afternoon Scott was too sick to drive and it devolved upon me to drive the team. Kelly had made camp and the lead team was out of harness when I drove up. He opened on me for making the lead mules pull more than their share of the load. I denied the charge and he said some cutting words which stirred me to the quick and I jumped off the wagon and made for him in desperation. He pulled in his horns when others came between us. I said to Mr. Landis, "You own this outfit and if you say I am wrong I will take my belongings and pack them on my back the balance of the way to Denver. I will not stand such uncalled for insults from this ignor-

ant Irishman." Scott raised his voice and said, "I will go with you." But we were safe in our threat as Mr. Landis was one of the best men I ever knew, though he was always too modest to assert himself until matters got to the worst. After that my advice took precedence with Kelly and he held me in high esteem.

Scott returned to Missouri, went into the rebel army and was killed early; the McClain brothers and the sister have crossed the silent river, Mr. Landis died two years ago in his eighty-fifth year; old Uncle Rob died here in Denver many years ago; Mr. Peckham, if living, must be ninety-six years old; Kelly may be living. If they are dead, I am the only survivor of that party of nine.

One other incident I will relate which came near ending my life on the trip. We had, through the day, passed a large Indian camp of friendly Arapahoes. For our night camp we drove down near the Platte river, just above four other camps of four teams. That was my night to stand guard and at midnight I heard a great racket at the camp below us and soon their teams broke their fastenings and stampeded toward our teams. I got between them and ours and saved ours from doing likewise. It was very dark and I could not discern any human agency in their hasty flight but it made our animals very uneasy and one mule kept up a constant snorting, loud and strong, and kept those not on watch wide awake, and Uncle Rob, who had crossed the plains to California and had some Indian experiences, insisted that the snorting mule smelt Indians who might be skulking behind a clump of willows, or under the river bank, to steal something or stampede our animals. So I proposed to Larry McClain that we reconnoitre, one going along the river bank, the other around the willows and

meet. Both of us had double barreled shot guns heavily loaded. He heard and saw me first and called. I did not answer and he then was ready to shoot, thinking I was an Indian but he called again and I heard him and saved my life. He trembled for hours after that, feeling how near he came to shooting me. There were no Indians and our neighbors in the camp told us that some of them thought a reptile of some kind had got into their buffalo robes and they were shaking them out and stampeded their own animals.

CHAPTER III.

On the 28th of June, thirty days from the time we left Independence, we arrived in Denver, the great Eldorado of the mines. It was a wild, typical mining town, though thirty or forty miles from any regular camp. Some were sluice mining up the Platte, some at Boulder, along Clear Creek and Ralston Creek, but no regular camps like Central City, Black Hawk, Fairplay, Georgia Gulch, Breckenridge, French and Galena, Delaware Flats, and Nigger Gulch or Russelville, thirty-five miles up Cherry Creek where the first gold was found by Green Russel, his brothers and some friends from Georgia.

They had passed over this country on their trip overland to California, ten years before. Not being successful in California, they remembered the similarity of the countries and made up a party and came out in 1858. The gold up Cherry Creek was so fine that it could not be saved and Russelville was soon a deserted camp.

Gambling in all its glory, was the principal occupation when we came. Auctioneering was the next best thing. Everything that anyone (who did not know just what he wanted) would be likely to bring in a wagon, was

sold at auction. Blake Street was a perfect bedlam of voices. Street gamblers with strap games, three card monte, dice shaking, and band playing in gambling houses full of games of every device.

The bottom ground all along the Platte River and Cherry Creek was covered with camps of tents and wagons. We camped where the Union Depot now stands, under some large cottonwood trees. We soon had a small store built, opened business and from the first day, did a good fair business.

Our mail came by express, stage line, run by Majors Russell and Waddell, a large freighting firm from Lexington, Mo. Our letters cost us twenty-five cents each in cash. Two rows of people nearly a block long formed to take their turn to ask for a letter and could not ask for but one person at a time, and must go to the back end of the line and come up for every name called for, and, if they could be insulted with mean questions of how they spelled their names, etc., one John Filmore would surely do it. He seemed to take delight in it. In after years he became quite a speculator in Denver real estate, as he had the use of Uncle Sam's money, being quarter master for this military district. During a heavy wind storm he became excited and burst a blood vessel and died very suddenly. The estate was large but the government demanded reimbursement for the money he had used in its purchase.

During the summer and fall of 1860, the desperadoes, of which there many, got to shooting people and a regular band of robbers was organized under a lawyer by the name of Ford, and matters got so rank that a Vigilance Committee was formed to check their high handed work, and hanging was made the order of the day or night.

Ford thought things might be complicated for him and attempted to take leave of absence, hired a man to take him out twenty miles on the coach road going East and waited for the stage to come, had his fare paid and seat secured, boarded the coach but had gone only a few miles when some men on horse back halted the coach and called for Ford to step out, which he did, no doubt with fearful expectations of what was in store for him. They ordered the driver to go on and not stop and he obeyed with alacrity. That was the last ever seen of Ford by any one outside of the committee. His personal effects, money, watch and pistol were sent to his wife.

Young James Gordon was tried and hung, by this committee, for killing an inoffensive German who happened to come in his way while on a wild spree. One James Steel and Carl Wood were blood thirsty and, while in a drunken orgie, fired into the Rocky Mountain News office, located then on Holliday (now Market) and 14th Sts. Steel got a return shot from the office which wounded him in one arm. He was on horse back and went down the creek bed to get out of range of their shots. Wood rode up the Platte. Steel took a circuit and came up 16th to Blake St. Here he was met by a number of men in search of him. Two were on horseback, with double barreled guns. When some one shouted, "Here he is," one of the men on horseback turned and shot Steel. The horse made a plunge and Steel fell a dead man. The writer was an eye witness to this. Thomas Pollock did the shooting.

Carl Wood returned and in a few days was called out of his cabin by a crowd and they were making good time for some cottonwood trees about the place where the 16th St. viaduct commences at Wazee St. But they were

halted at 16th and Blake Sts. by old Major Bradford, who was well acquainted with Wood's father, a fine man and a district judge in Lexington, Mo. Bradford and Dr. McDowell plead to save the young scamp's life and succeeded. He was tried and sentenced to banishment from the country. He went south, joined the rebel army and has become a steady, good citizen, travels for some large house in St. Louis, but has never come to Denver to make sales.

In the fall of 1860, people who had no settled business here, began to take the road back East. The writer was expected to go with the stream turned homeward, but to their great surprise, he refused to be one of them. "Why will you stay here and starve and freeze to death?" some said. I said, "Here is where I will stay, live or die."

Not long after Mr. Landis, with whom I came, turned over to me the remainder of his stock of saddlery and some provisions and told me to do the best I could to meet expenses until he came back the next year, and I did fairly well, became an expert cook and always washed my own dishes after eating, departing from the usual bachelor habit of letting them go till they got so foul that they could stand it no longer.

The spring and summer of 1861 were fearfully dull. The placer mines were not paying and the lead mines about Central City had struck a cap rock that no one had gone through to know how thick it was or whether they would find the pay vein or not after they did go through.

Matters looked very doubtful for all classes of people. Some were in a desperate dilemma. Living was high and the hauling of all that we had six hundred miles by team added greatly to its cost. All depended upon the mines and the mines were flat as a pancake.

Actual war had commenced in the East and our leading merchants saw their chance of raising and outfitting a regiment of volunteers, without orders from Uncle Sam and took chances of his endorsing their movement. William Gilpin was governor by appointment and he lent his aid in this move and vouchers were issued for all supplies furnished by the merchants and the recruiting commenced and many a tramp got his empty stomach filled and a place to sleep, on the ragged edge of hope, far from his home and friends.

Camp Weld was established about where the Lakewood road crosses the Platte. These valiant soldiers had not been recognized by the government and they had no uniforms, and not very good supplies of any kind. So they made a raid on a Jew firm on what was then Ferry St. (now 10th St.) and they receipted for all they took. Whether they ever got their pay I am not aware. They wanted some leather belts, and called on me as Mr. Landis' agent to furnish them for vouchers. This I refused to do by the order of Mr. Landis who said he had all the vouchers he could stand.

To carry out this refusal on my part caused them to make a raid on our place and take what they wanted at night. Myself and a boy were repairing harness for the transportation company that was hauling their supplies when one hundred men entered the store, two with drawn pistols. It looked rather formidable for one man and a boy to meet them. Their colonel, a dead beat, by the name of Slough, had made a debt of $35.00 with Mr. Landis, which he gave me strict orders to collect if possible, and I went after him with a business intent and it made him mad, and he talked and I talked back in no uncertain

way and he paid me to stop publicity which I threatened him with.

He paid me in gold dust which I had not emptied out of the blower when in came this mob and filled the store. Protesting against so many men to handle one man and a boy the leaders gave orders for them to go out. They had stolen the gold dust and several other valuable articles which I could not detect among such a mob. I took some articles away from them which I saw them take. They searched the store for belts and leather and could not find what they wanted so took a lot of girth webbing, in all amounting to $35.00 and gave me a receipt, which I demanded. This with what they stole amounted to near $100. Of this Mr. Landis never recovered a cent. The puny excuse was that he lived in Missouri and was a sympathizer with the South. Some scamp put that much in his own pocket and there were plenty of very loyal citizens there that were robbing the government hand over fist.

This valiant Colonel Slough proved himself a coward and tyrant before they got two hundred miles from Denver and when he got near where they supposed they would meet the Texas troops under Gen. Sibley, the poltroon resigned and came back to Denver and begged Gen. Frank Marshall, who was coming home, to protect him from the people along the road over which he had gone with troops and he could treat them like dogs. He was appointed provost marshal in the District of Columbia, was afterward killed at Santa Fe, N. M., by a U. S. army officer for some of his dirty work.

J. M. Chivington, a Methodist preacher, was Slough's successor in command, a man of little better principles but not a coward though he did one of the most cowardly

acts that any human being ever did when he led the volunteers to kill Indians at Sand Creek. They were there with their families by his orders to await orders from Washington for a treaty.

Men, squaws and helpless children were murdered under this man's orders, he claiming to carry the cross of Christ. No savages ever did more savage acts than these men that were named the pet lambs of Colorado. Such lambs must have had she-wolves for mothers. For this dastardly act Chivington was cashiered. He should have been hung. He and Slough may get their dues beyond the power of man to shield them from justice. They are there to meet what may come, which is only conjecture on our part.

In 1863 Mr. Landis made Francis Gallup and myself a proposition to buy him out, which we accepted, and the firm name was E. L. Gallatin & Co., until changed in 1865 to Gallup & Gallatin, when I went East to establish a branch firm called Gallatin & Gallup at Nebraska City, Neb., which was at that time the principal team freight exit for the far west.

CHAPTER IV.

In the winter of 1864 I made a trip to Montana with two loads of saddlery and started in the middle of March. No more unpropitious time could have been selected in this mountain altitude. Winter or bad weather comes as much after the middle of March as before. All precipitation comes in snow well into May, while we may have but little winter until after Christmas. We had to pass over the Laramie plains which is a high table land with

sweeping winds nearly the entire year and where it can snow on shorter notice than in any part of the West.

One bright morning we were on the road, a short distance from old Fort Hallack when all at once the air was filled with driving snow that filled our eyes and ears full and covered up the road so that it was about all we could do to keep in the right direction. I took the job of piloting the teams by walking ahead. When we got into Fort Hallack we could not tell where we were, only by hearing voices close by. We could not see a house. The soldiers guided us to a willow grove where we camped until next morning when all was bright and fair. People soon perish in these cold driving snows without some protection. They almost take one's breath and chill one to the marrow.

After passing over Rattlesnake's pass, and digging our animals' way through drifts, we passed down to the north Platte river to learn that Bridger's pass was impassible for loaded teams. The stage made its daily trips over the beaten road of snow ten and fifteen feet deep. We camped at the Platte ten days.

We heard that the pine grove up near the Pass had better feed for stock. One wagon and all the stock was taken up there, leaving myself and wife at Sage Creek to look after the other wagons. We stayed there ten days, not hearing a word from the men. They had gone over the pass to Sulphur Springs and the heavy snow had stopped the coach for a number of days. Its first trip brought me a note explaining what they had done.

At Sulphur Springs I lost my second horse for the lack of attention and the lean condition, which I could not help, as grain could not be had for love or money. I offered

20c a pound for oats or corn. We cut grass on the hill side with a butcher knife and sprinkled flour on it for the animals.

We went down Bitter Creek, eighty-five miles long, with nothing but alkali water, so strong that lemon essence would not change its taste. All but myself were about sick when we got to Green river. There we got good water and bought a horse.

We went on to Hanns Fork. Soon after we had turned out for the night, three teams came up to us and the young man in charge said to me: "Why did you stop on this side of the stream?" I told him that my animals were weak and tired and we thought it would be better to cross in the morning. He said the stream might come up in the night and it would be safer to be on the other side. I admitted that his argument was good, and he said: "If you will wait until we cross over I will send teams to pull your wagon over." I gladly accepted his kind offer. After we were all safely across, I said: "There is a saying, one good turn deserves another, that being granted, can you let me have one sack of oats until we get to Bridger's? There I have some engaged and will pay you back." "Yes, certainly," he said, and out came the oats. I never was made so happy as to see those poor brutes munching those oats and the kindness of this entire stranger made a great impression on us all after seeing so much selfishness all along.

One man charged me $5.00 for ten minutes' work pulling one wagon out of the mud. I had worked half a day to get one man out who was loaded with money safes which could not be unloaded and he did not thank me for it, after I had broken an evener that cost $1.50. Another would not sell me a pound of oats and let me pay for them

and insure that he could get them back at Bridger on my order, and he had plenty to last him, but this young man, James M. Bibbins had a heart and soul. He would not go on and leave me. The wagons were loaded with miners' boots and shoes, pressed into the wagon beds and decked over, for Guerney & Co., of Central City.

We reached Fort Bridger and there it was planned for Mr. Bibbins to go by Salt Lake City. Money was to be sent there to meet the balance of the expenses. He learned that it was 125 miles out of his way to go there and telegraphed for the money and it had not arrived. He was in a dilemma as to what course to pursue. He wanted $200 in cash and some other supplies, amounting to something over $300, and in this supply store was a young man by the name of Byron Scott that I had known in Denver, and he said to Mr. Bibbins: "If Gallatin will go your security, we can let you have all you want." He came out to camp and said: "You can do me a favor if you will." "Name it" said I, "and if I refuse take this whip and lash me to your heart's content." He told me what he wanted and we went up to the store and I said: "I am only too glad to do this man any favor in my limited power."

He got what he wanted with my word, and we journeyed on together to Soda Springs. There he divided his teams; he going to Boise City, Idaho, the other teams to Virginia City, Montana, where the firm had a store.

When we got to Virginia City I found friends from Independence, Mo., who helped me get a store room and a place to live in, and in six weeks I had sold out and was ready to come home.

I had done exceedingly well with my goods, getting good prices and ready sales in gold, which was worth

$2.80 in greenbacks. At one time we got $2.40 for ours on a declining market.

Sunday was our great business day. The town was full to the street centers, of miners laying in supplies. They had rid themselves of the bad element by lynch law. They had hung eighteen before we got there, and one need have no fear of any one of these stealing anything; all were honest.

As soon as I announced my intention of coming back to Denver, M. E. Post, a young man, who had his own team and traveled with me on the out trip, came and wanted to come back with me and my wife. I consented, as a new element of danger was to be encountered on our return, that was not visible when we went out.

What were called road agents had formed a band to rob people coming out from the mines in the stage or in wagons, and further on the Indians had broken peace and were making things warm from Bridger all the way to Denver and down the Platte and the Arkansas rivers for several hundred miles. So my friends, O. C. Coggswell, Chas. Wilson, John Rodgers and others said I must not attempt going down alone.

The Perry Brothers had a large mule train which would go in a few days and they said they would notify us when to come out to camp for a start and they did, but that night by carelessness a lot of mules got away and we waited until noon, and some time after we got out of patience and started alone and came through all right.

We had about eight thousand dollars in gold with us. The next stage out was robbed of ten thousand dollars.

We came to Salt Lake City, and there on Emigrant Square were eight wagons without teams; the Indians

had stampeded their stock, taken two or three women, and they had gotten some freighter to haul their wagons into Salt Lake. I sold some mules and a heavy wagon, bought a light wagon and put on ponies for the trip home. Five wagons joined us coming East, and the first day out differed on roads that forked but led to the same destination, Fort Bridger. So we left them and got there one day ahead of them. At Green River we found three teams waiting for reinforcements, and, seeing two men and one woman alone, took courage and came along. We made them promise to travel as we did, for our company, but they soon broke over the agreement, and we slid out early in the morning and kept ahead of them. We would not camp near a stage station. We got up at four in the morning and traveled until ten, then got our breakfast, took a good rest and traveled until four in the afternoon, had another meal and rest, then traveled until after dark, and did not make a fire but ate a cold lunch and went to bed.

The only time we felt any alarm was one morning early, after we had crossed the North Platte. We saw five men on horseback, so far away that we could not tell whether they were Indians or white men and they were evidently coming toward us. We looked our guns over carefully and said if they were Indians we must do our best, but they soon got near enough for us to see they were white. They had gone out of the road to camp and had to follow a ravine that they could not cross and that brought them toward us. We felt relieved and relaxed our vigilance.

We came through where Laramie City now stands. There was a stage station kept by Rockey Thomas. We had traveled all night with a colicky horse that we had to

keep moving, so thought it best to travel toward home, and, knowing Thomas, I said: "Can you give us a good square meal and our horses some hay?" "No," he said, "got nothing to eat." "Well, we will stop and see."

His wife made some of the best biscuits I ever ate. He had some fresh antelope that he broiled and buttered until nicely done. They had some Denver potatoes, plenty of milk and butter and we had about the best tasting meal that we had eaten in a long time.

We read the Denver papers and heard of a great Indian scare when a man by the name of Shortridge came in at night, yelling at the top of his voice, "Look out, white man, the Indians are coming," which caused a big alarm. The families were gathered into the old Mint building, corner of Market and Sixteenth Sts. and the Doyle building in West Denver. It was a big scramble for safety and all a false alarm caused by some Mexican freighters yelling just over the ridge from where some settlers were, that did not see them but put this man on a fleet horse to give the alarm in Denver.

However, they were not going to be scalped and held a meeting the next day to devise some way of defence and concluded to tear down all the log houses, no matter to whom they belonged, and build block houses along on the high ground, and they detailed clerks and everybody to do this work and soon the hill was strewn with logs, but never one of them laid up and after a time all hauled away by any and everybody. They told some funny jokes about the brave demeanor of some of Denver's best citizens.

From Laramie we came across through Cheyenne Pass to Cache la Poudre, thence along the old stage road

to Denver. We did not see a fresh wagon track until we had passed the Big Thompson Creek. There had been a most bountiful rain fall. The grass was fine and grew right up to the road side in abundance, and there was nothing to eat it.

At Big Thompson there lived a Mexican guide by the name of Mercama, who was quite a character, loved to make a show in his gay trimmed apparel, fine horse and gay trappings, but he loved whiskey above all things and it was his wagon tracks that marked the soil on his way for a new supply of the ardent. Eight miles out from Denver we met a Jew with three teams, venturing out. We got home September 1st, 1864.

CHAPTER V.

The marks of Cherry Creek flood were plain and we had to move our house, which stood just west of the Union Depot, up to Champa between Fifteenth and Sixteenth Sts.

We were soon notified to attend an Indian protection meeting which seemed very silly, when two men and one woman had come six hundred miles, through an infested country, and had not seen a sign of an Indian. They were making it warm for the freighters down the Platte, and for a time an escort had to travel with the stage. At one time our mail came around by California. Volunteers were raised and all business men were taxed to maintain those held on duty. Our freight bills were very high, the risk was so great. We paid $3,000 on a bill of goods that cost only $10,000, 22c a pound. That would make a one hundred pound sack of flour cost $22 for freight.

My home companion, M. E. Post, went to St. Joseph,

Mo., bought four teams and loaded his own goods for Denver, got through all right, sold his goods and teams, all but one and sent his men back with that team. They were attacked by Indians, two of them were killed, the team was taken, the wagon was burned and two were wounded but escaped. Had they been on their guard this would not have occurred.

The Hungate family were all murdered out on the Kiowa. There was no safety for life or stock. All this trouble was brought on by some young fool white man shooting an Indian to see how far he could kill one, just for fun, as he would shoot a buffalo that he did not need to kill.

Indians are not always to blame by a long shot. Their rights should be respected, and justice accorded them by by our people and government, then we would have less trouble with them and we could better teach them civilization than to kill them.

Through the summer of 1865 the Indians were passive, occasionally jumping on some one when they were in need of essentials, as our own people would do under similar circumstances, and do it daily in the time of peace. If they do not take what they want by force they take it by strategy, or, gaining one's confidence, then rob one by law. No real, full-blooded Indian would stoop so low, and do such underhanded tricks to get the best of his fellow man, as do thousands of so-called Christian gentlemen.

In the summer of 1865 a new stage line was established by Butterfield, on the Smoky Hill route, and the first coach caused a bigger sensation than a new railroad from Old Mexico would now.

I was just recovering from a long and serious sickness and my wife led me to our door on Champa St., to look up Fifteenth St., and see the procession, headed by the new coach, trimmed for the occasion. It did not run long on account of financial complication.

The famous Ben Halliday was running the old line across the continent.

After I had partially recovered my wife was taken sick, caused by taking care of me, but Dr. Treat brought us both out. We thought a trip to the Missouri River in a wagon would make us well and strong, so we got into our pony wagon and started out on the old cut-off, and when we passed the old cemetery we said, "We have cheated you out of two subjects, good by."

That night it was all I could do to unharness the ponies and feed them and get a little supper.

The next day we overtook Myers Fischer who had ten four-mule teams and thirty-five men. He was taking them back for some freighter. He also had his father, mother, two brothers and one sister, so it made a pleasant crowd. The weather was nice and no anticipation of trouble from our red brothers, as they had been very quiet and troops were scattered along the route to keep large trains together for self protection.

One day we saw the telegraph wire out and hundreds of fresh pony tracks. They had thrown a lariat over a pole and pulled it down and filed the wire in two. We knew then the ball was open for business, and we must be on the alert, travel close together, and have a weather eye out for redskins.

We had passed a company of mounted soldiers that forenoon in camp. We had not gone far from where the

wire was cut before we met a man in hot haste, going for the soldiers. He said the Indians had killed one of their men down the road five or six miles. We kept on until late in the afternoon when we saw some object down on a flat near the road. One was a live white man, trying to scalp a dead Indian. He told us that he belonged to a Government mule train of forty wagons, that had fought the Indians and had killed eight of them, five of which the Indians had carried off. Three were there, all shot through the head by one man, a good shot. This man had come back four miles from camp all alone to scalp those Indians. No doubt the Indians saw us coming before we saw them and that saved his fool-hardy life.

That night, after seeing the three dead Indians, we camped where twelve wagons had formed a corral and kept the Indians at bay for three hours. No one was killed or wounded on either side. Our wagons enlarged the force and made quite a camp. That was my first night out with the stock. I insisted on taking my turn as I was getting strong.

About midnight we saw the signal, fire balls go up in the air, in different directions, showing that the Indians were scattered around us at no great distance. All at once we heard confusing sounds, coming from our camp, and one of us went in to see what caused it and found to our surprise that some one had given the alarm of attack, by seeing the signal balls go up as we had seen them but thought nothing of it as Indians seldom attack in the night time.

The following morning the coast was clear. We got our breakfast and moved on, but a change of weather mixed with snow and rain, did not add to our comfort. At Bovais' Ranch, the old California crossing of the Platte,

we were halted by a dapper little lieutenant, who had charge of a squad of men and said we must stop there until we had one hundred men to go on with us. This we did not relish as it is not pleasant to camp when cold and with no fuel to be had. They would not sell us a stick of wood expecting to drive us into their houses to pay a dollar a meal. This we thought was part of the scheme to make us stop. I went foraging along the river banks for fuel and found parts of a wagon that had been burned and some drift wood, started a camp fire and we gathered a lot of old boots and shoes and heaped them on the fire. We all got warmed up and got a meal with hot coffee. We soon felt comfortable and happy.

That night the required number came up with us and we got the consent of the poppinjay lieutenant to move on. We had heard that the Kansas regiment would come into our road, going our way, and we wanted to avoid them if possible as they did not bear a very savory reputation for honesty. We got ahead of them and were glad of our good luck, when one of our men, a blacksmith from Denver, stopped at the first ranch to wait for the soldiers. He was badly alarmed about the Indians. He had a trunk full of clothes, some fine blankets and a valuable bearskin robe. Those Kansas soldiers liked good things. They had taken everything he had, except his fiddle and he was a pitiful looking chap and said he wished he had stayed with us and risked the redskins.

Alkali was our most dangerous camp, as it seemed to be the storm center of attack; Plumb Creek next and last. We soon passed Fort Kearney, and from there into Atchison we felt out of danger.

At Atchison all our party stopped except my wife and I. We were going to Lexington to visit my sister.

After passing through Leavenworth, going down the Missouri River, we got in the late war district. Chimneys without houses stood as sentinels over the ground which happy families had once called home, and all was gone save the land and fragments of outbuildings and orchards. No signs of life were left to tell of former comfort.

We met one old man and one young man, father and son, below Leavenworth, who halted us and wanted to know where we were going. I told him, "Down the river," and said, "why do you ask?" He replied that he had been robbed of his horse and $60.00, a mile or two farther on, and was on his way to Leavenworth, on foot, to get some officials to help catch the robbers.

We went on just the same and when we got to Independence we called on my old employer, Mr. Landis, and his family, and he said: "How did you come?" "By team from Denver to Atchison and down the river here," I said. "Did no one hold you up?" he said. I said not. "Well," he said, "the woods are full of bandits, the stage was attacked between Kansas City and Westport, four miles apart, and robbed yesterday. The Indians are nothing to the chances that you have taken."

The next morning we started for Lexington, thirty-five miles farther on, and got through all right.

The marks of war were visible on the country, and people of the old time hospitality and good will were scarce and calloused. Old friends had become enemies, brothers had fought against each other, the carpet bagger was a loud character who held office under the government. Men that had led quiet lives before the war became tyrants under the conquering Government, that claimed all virtue, all honor, all patriotism; the conquered were but serfs, the boiling

cauldron had brought the scum on top, and it smelt of pretence, hypocricy and rotten loyalty.

They had robbed the Government of every cent possible; they fought battles with their mouths, shook the bloody shirts for thirty years after the war was over, got pensions under false swearing, through rascally pension agents, dragged the American Flag through all the filth of elections that put the time worker in office by false returns, made bed fellows of thugs and gamblers, shielded the defaulting officials who stole the people's money, helped make more offices to burden the people with taxes, all for the crumbs that MIGHT FALL TO THEM.

CHAPTER VI.

After spending the winter of 1865 and 1866 in Lexington, we took an early steamboat for Nebraska City, the place selected to start a branch business. It was the home of many freighters and among them was Aleck Majors, the king of all team freighters across the plains. This firm had thousands of teams. They had branch stores all through the West, and moved all of Uncle Sam's supplies for forts in the West. Twenty wagons with five yoke of oxen to each wagon, made a train. They were called prairie schooners and each hauled from sixty to seventy thousand pounds as a load. It took twenty-two men to man a train, twenty drivers and first and second wagon boss. One or both rode on horseback, picked out camping places, whipped up through bad places, kept men in their proper places, delivered the goods as consigned and hired or discharged men. No more lively scene can be depicted than a large train camp getting ready to move; two hundred oxen to yoke, Each teamster must know his own oxen, mate them and get them in place. Camp

utensils must find their proper places. When these large ox trains camped they formed an oblong column. The lead teams, turning to right and left and coming together at a proper distance, formed a corral which made a safe defence against Indian invasions. The stock can be driven into this, held against harm and yoked, as they could not be on the open prairie, as they always have some unruly Bucks, Berrys and Jerrys.

The white wagon sheets lend enchantment and the lively popping of the whips with, "Get up, Tom, Dick and Harry," in a husky voice that set the prairie dogs to barking, the snakes and owls to come out of their holes, the distant antelope to stare in wild wonder, the lonely coyote to trot to some safe distance and the jack rabbit to scud across the plains, twelve feet to a leap. These are all things of the past. The iron horse does not need to camp. He travels day and night and only goes into his stall to be repaired and rubbed down for another trip.

The buffalo went with the ox, his driver and the Indian. The long haired Buffalo Bills, Texas Jacks and would-be desperadoes are gone.

The rapid construction of the great overland railroad was a new departure from the old, slow method of all previous roads. There was a stimulous behind it that made men move as nothing else would move them, the almighty dollar. Sixteen thousand dollars a mile on the level prairie, only now and then a cut or fill, no long expensive bridges and one hundred and fifty thousand dollars for mountain miles, with alternate sections of land on both sides of the road as a subsidy, made men wild with eagerness to make all the miles they could. The road was built from both ends by separate companies, the Pacific end, called the Central Pacific, starting from

Sacramento City, California, and the Eastern end at Omaha, Nebraska, called the Union Pacific. They got so systemized that they could lay six miles of track a day and on occasions laid ten miles. It was a new era in railroad building that has revolutionized the entire business and made it possible to build a road over and around any mountain, and climb high grades at a good speed. Such engineering would have crazed an old time civil engineer, and the man at the throttle would have refused to start up such mountains with a train of cars behind his engine.

Our trade at Nebraska City for the first year was from the team freighters. Large warehouses were built there and the Government and merchants consigned goods to their houses for shipment to forts and distant places by team. Steamboats ended their work at these points, along the river, Leavenworth, Kansas City, Atchison, Nebraska City and Omaha; but they were soon cut off as team freighters. Eastern roads were reaching out for Omaha from Chicago and other points, and very soon made the connection. Soon the two continental roads met and the things called coaches and wagons were only used on side lines until other branch roads were built, then disappeared.

Finding my trade simmered down to the farmer who could get our lowest cash prices, then ask thirty days and take one hundred and thirty days by keeping out of the way until his wheat would sell for a few cents more, or his hogs would weigh two hundred, and then think he had done you a great favor if he paid you at all. This was too slow for my blood, so I packed for Cheyenne, Wyoming. It was intended, by the railroad officials, to make it the large town of the line by building roundhouses and repair shops. The stone foundations were

laid and all seeming preparations were made for carrying out their proposed plan. It proved only a ruse to sell their town lots, to the best advantage, and make a freight point for Colorado.

When they got over the mountains on the Laramie Plains they laid out Laramie City, and there actually built their shops, leaving Cheyenne to live or die as best she could, without their help, and it looked very much as if it must die as there was no farming land or mines to support it. Many moved away. Vacant stores and houses were plenty, and no one to occupy them.

Wyoming had fine grazing lands and cattlemen drifted into it, crowded out of Colorado, Texas, Kansas and Nebraska. They soon found that they had struck a bonanza. Her high winds piled the snow up in drifts, and left a large area naked, so that cattle could keep fat in winter, while in other states the snow lay on their level land just as it fell, covering all the grass, and cattle died by the thousands, while Wyoming men had fat cattle to sell early in the Spring. The fact soon became known and large cattle companies were formed and filled all the available places. The cattle king strutted Cheyenne Streets, made it his home and grew rich rapidly. This made the town grow, as it became the cattle center for cattle drivers from Texas, Montana, Idaho, Oregon and Utah. Two good banks were established, which at one time carried a larger deposit than any Denver bank. All this gave a new turn to things. Fine brick houses took the place of the frail frame structures, a good hotel was built and business houses that compared well with any in Denver or Omaha. The state capitol was built and the Windy City grew to stay.

I found myself and wife crowded into one small room

in the old Rollins house, in 1868, where one could hear what was said above a whisper in every other room in the house, and we paid three dollars a day each. The outlook of a staple town, in one of the worst locations for comfort that could have been selected, did not look very encouraging. The worst element of all humanity had lodged there. There was no center of business in it. No one had any idea where it would be. Eech set had formed a nucleus well apart and each thought their locality the best.

Our lot had been purchased through some Denver acquaintances and the building put up without either of the firm seeing it until I arrived to find an open barn without doors or windows, and it was cold and snowing on Sunday morning. I hunted up the contractor, gave him a piece of my mind for misrepresentation, and said, "Now I want you to go right at this work. I don't care anything about your Sunday scruples. A man that can lie has no religion that is worth saving."

He was very religious but managed to beat us some way, on the contract made by my partner, who doubtless thought he was honest. We got things in shape so we could move into the rear for a living apartment. Our household goods were on the track, unloaded among a thousand unloaded cars. I got permission to open it and as luck would have it, against mine was a lot of heavy machinery that barred the way to my goods and provisions. I was determined to get away from that noisy hotel. I borrowed a stove, a bed and two chairs, bought some food and went to house keeping, got things in shape for opening business and found four competitors already in the field, all established. My chances looked slim but I got out to rustle and make my place known. So I found a dead horse, with a good hide on him, and set to work to

see how I, as a taxidermist, could make a sign for my business. I had no experience but risked it and made a fairly good job, rigged him out with saddle and bridle and placed him on a post with platform twelve feet high. This soon attracted much attention, and every one in the town soon knew where our saddle shop was, and I soon had my share of patronage and steadily gained on my competitors until one by one they departed and I held the fort. The business is still running at the old stand in the hands of my nephew, whom I took to learn the trade thirty years ago. His trade extends over a number of Western states.

The Denver business, started by Mr. Landis and conducted by myself for him and afterwards for our firm, is still running at the old stand, by Heiser, and is of thirty-six years' standing. Many others in both places have come and gone in that time. I planned and started S. C. Gallup of Pueblo, who has a standing of twenty-six years and the best saddle business in this state. I also started T. E. Meanea in the saddle tree business twenty years ago, which is still running and is the only factory of that kind between the Missouri River and the Pacific Coast, and the tree is superior to any made in the United States for a stock saddle.

At Cheyenne I suffered so intensely with acute rheumatism that I could find no comfort in life. I was doing a good business, had just entered the field against the famous stock saddle, made at different places in California, and I was on my first effort to please Mr. Whitcomb and others, who were the leading stock men of the country, but I could not stand such suffering there and came to Denver and got climatic relief and left the business in charge of my nephew, F. A. Meanea.

In 1873, I sold my interest in the Denver business to my old partner, Francis Gallup, took the Cheyenne business and took F. A. Meanea in as my partner and afterwards sold out to him.

CHAPTER VII.

In 1875, myself and wife went to California and traveled by team through twenty-two counties, seeing the country and our friends, and gaining health and all the information we could. It is a beautiful country, with unbounded resources and a great variety of products, a fine climate and everything to make man happy, save the narrow greed of monopoly which is eating the vitals of the masses, until distress shows its signs on many homes and in many faces, of those eking out an existance in the land of plenty when all might be made happy.

I found men there, of my boyhood days, that had alternately been rich and poverty stricken, more of the latter that stayed with them. I found fellow apprentices, one or two well off, some as poor as when they started out. This always made me sad as I thought of their bright expectations in youth. We spent the winter in San Francisco and enjoyed its life and hurry. It was when stock gambling in mines was at its highest pitch. Every man, woman and boy could tell you about the Consolidated Virginia, the Ophir or a thousand other mines with big sounding names; but two-thirds of them had no real existence. Every one was on the inside, or had some known friend that was, and they were all going to make a big raise when such and such a stock went up, but they were doomed to disappointment. The manipulators knew well how to deceive them.

When I went back in 1881, all these people were desperately poor and without hope while the manipulator had gone off rich to spend his money in some other country. This is the history of all species of gambling. Getting something for nothing must make some man poor and leave no equivalent for the loss.

We returned to Denver in the fall of 1876, the Centennial year, when our state came into the sisterhood of states. Times were still dull and continued so until the great camp at Leadville opened its riches to astonish the world. That gave us a boom in advance of other less fortunate states. Everything went flying up in value.

The South Park railroad, which had been begging to sell their stock to keep things moving, soon had purchasers that made the dirt fly. The Rio Grande and Santa Fe were fighting each other for the right of way up the Grand Canon to Leadville. The Rio Grande came out victor and has continued to run ever since.

H. A. W. Tabor was about all you could hear when rich men who had mines at Leadville, were meetioned. He was liberal and they importuned him night and day and the citizens fawned and flattered him out of thousands. They bled him at every pore of his skin and nominated and elected him Lieutenant Governor. His name was emblazoned on every rock and in every paper. Every corporation had his name enrolled on its books and they could not say enough in his praise. Alas, the foolish man has found the bottom of his splendid fortune, is deeply involved and is grasping at straws in the vain hope of saving something for old age, which is fast creeping upon him. Those smiling sycophants smile no more upon him. Such is the ingratitude of a great majority of mankind. We seek our kind in vain for comfort and

consolation and only now and then find it scattered along our path, to give us hope that at some period of our eternal life we may find the fountain that always flows.

In 1881, I made my second trip to California, for the purpose of buying some property that was selling so low as to make it an inducement, and I made Oakland, across the bay from San Francisco, my field of operation. It is a most beautiful resident city, so quiet and clean and thousands of cosy cottages built so neat and homelike. Mixed in among these are some stately mansions with large grounds, beautifully laid out with winding walks, bordered with green hedges formed of Monteray Cyprus, that makes a living green wall.

California is the home of flowers and shrubs of nearly all countries. The rose, magnolia and calla lily grow side by side, winter and summer, and the great variety of fruit makes it a land of enchantment.

Their Masonic Conclaves outdid every state in grand preparations and hospitality. If the World's Fair should ever be held there, the one at Chicago would certainly be put in the shade.

I bought some resident property in Oakland and should have bought more, and made it my home, had my wife felt as I did about it. I kept it a few years in the hands of an agent, but saw the impracticability of making property pay in that way, so I sold it again and gave up all hopes of having a home there and am contented in old Colorado. I expect to leave my remains under the shadow of the old Rocky Mountains, and, I hope, in Tabawatch Valley, in Montrose County, in the Colorado Colony grounds. This is my choice, if I have any, and I shall earnestly request in life that my body shall not be carted

around for show or any whim about any particular place of burial. This is my country and one place is as good as another for what is left after the real person has gone hence, and I shall insist on having some carpenter make a plain casket, not costing over ten dollars, and not a monopoly-made one with a monopoly price on it. I want no tinseled hearse that has a combine price for its use. Get an express wagon and have any other plain vehicles and give the difference in cost of burial to some poor cripple or a widow woman who is slaving to make a living. I do not want any reverend cloth to read any service or take any part in the last end. Get some honest friend, if anyone, who will tell the truth, good or bad, just the same as if I was in the body and looking right at them.

If something must be done to satisfy past customs, sing "Sweet Home," or any sentimental song that has harmony in it. In life I do not believe in whitewashing any one, and it is only apologetic when done after death. If there is nothing that can be said truly, keep still about that which is not creditable.

We are not all entirely responsible for what we are or what we do. Hereditary weakness comes with us into the world. Some of this can be held in abeyance to a strong will power by careful guarding. We may go through life and the world never know our inner natures. With some a church association that is full of sulphur is a good thing. Through fear they keep from showing the trend of desire. With others it only makes hypocrites. They wear it as a cloak to blind the world. Some are born full of reverence and would be good people if they never saw a church or a bible, or heard a preacher. Thousands of people join the church because it is fashionable. They think it gives them weight in a community,

or business patronage. All this is sacrilegious and should be held in contempt by all right thinking people.

The writer has as much reverence as any one for honesty, integrity and humanitarian principles but not for unseen and unproved divinity, that is held up by blind faith and propaganda put forth by men, that had no more claim of the divine in them than any other human being, judging by their acts as history tells them to the world in their own book, the bible. If it can be trusted as a true history its many contradictions and fabulous stories would not read well in any other book, or receive much credit as a history if written by any one at our present time. Antiquity lends enchantment, and blinds the senses of thousands of people, when it comes in the form of some religious faith.

One can tolerate a sun-worshipper with some degree of patience, as we all know the daily blessings of the sun. We know that no life—human, animal or vegetable—could exist without its presence. We know chaos must follow its departure. We never tire of its presence. We bask in its light which gives us health and all we have. The moon and stars are beautiful to look at, and all are necessary for the existence of the earth and each system of planets is undoubtedly a part of the great whole grand universe that is so far beyond human comprehenson that we get lost and bewildered and think of our own littleness and ignorance as an innocent child playing in the sands of the seashore.

The principles as taught by Christ were undoubtedly good. So were those of many other great leaders. Confucius taught the golden rule three hundred years before the birth of Christ; his moral code was good. Brama and Chrisneu taught good morals and a better life.

They were all intermixed with superstition and selfish humanity.

Christ did and said some very strange things according to the record, which smacked of much of the common herd of humanity in its fitness. He would not feel much at home in some of our hundred thousand dollar churches, with a five thousand dollar salaried divine to tell the people once a week what they ought to know better for themselves. Christ would think they were talking about some other man if he could hear them and see their daily actions. But this is a human dodge, to load all their sins on any one that will bear them and wear the name of anything or anybody as a pretext to give them popularity. This too, is hypocricy that has little to recommend itself to sensible, honest people.

The waste of valuable time in threshing over old straw when every kernel of grain has been gleaned from it ages ago, does seem as though we had an age of pretentions and pretenders that are getting their bread and butter by and through the credulity of the people. The churches are a tax upon the whole people. No one escapes who is a tax-payer, and there is no justice in it. They should be made to pay taxes like a club building or any person who has a luxury for his pleasure and benefit that is not necessary to existence, while others struggle for a bare existence. When will people come to their senses and throw off this incubus that has loaded them down for centuries. If a man or woman wants a religion let him or her pay for it to all intents and purposes.

I must not neglect to mention among my early and valued acquaintances made in Denver in 1860, Col. A. G. Boone, of Westport, Mo. He had been one of the leading merchants of that western exit for the West. It was

an outfitting point while Kansas City was only a landing for steamboats.

A. G. Boone was a grandson of the famed Daniel Boone, who is so well known in our history as a pioneer in the Western wilds. He tells of his grandfather's coffin which had been made many years before his death, and was kept upstairs, and to utilize the room it occupied every fall, they filled it with apples grown on a favorite tree. He says many a time he slipped up to get the fruit out of Grandpa's coffin.

A. G. Boone had all of his noble sire's good qualities; had great influence with the red men and was Indian Agent for different tribes. He could move them to a new reservation when no other white man could approach within sight of them. He had always kept his word with them and dealt honestly, and this was known far and wide among all the tribes. He could travel anywhere among them, as he did, and do it in safety.

Not many years before his death, he was up in North Dakota, and got the appointment to take the census of that wild region, filled with Indians. He took a buckboard and his blankets and a frying pan, and did the work without fear. The Indians piloted him across streams, divided their venison with him and all seemed to know who he was at first sight.

He came to Denver for the purpose of taking charge of Col. St. Vrain's property and store, and built one of the early two-story brick business houses in Denver, on Blake street. He was getting settled down to business, when, the Government wanted him to move a tribe of Indians, and would not take no for an answer. No one else could move them in peace, but he had no trouble.

He had come up the Arkansas river, when a young man, with Robert Campbell and others of the American Fur Company. They lost about all their animals by deep snows during the winter, and came over the Divide looking for buffalo that had drifted toward the Platte when the snow was not so deep. They killed all they needed, built canoes out of cottonwood trees, and when the Platte rose they went down to its mouth and down the Missouri river to St. Louis. That was forty years before gold was found up Cherry Creek.

Mrs. Eliza Janes and Mrs. Mary Spencer are his only daughters in Denver. Mrs. Otis of San Diego, California, and Mrs. Hobart of Dakota, are also his daughters. He has grandchildren galore and some great grandchildren that will never know how good and generous a person they descended from. I shall revere his memory as long as life lasts and hope to meet him in the land of the leal.

In the last days of his life, when his health had failed him and old age was doing its final work, he said to me: "Gallatin, I cannot live much longer. I do not care to suffer and be so much trouble to others and I have no fears of death. I have never complained of neglect by my children. They have always been good to me, but some old friends to whom I have rendered many favors, now that I am down and they know it, neglect me I feel. They know now that I cannot grant them more and they shun me."

It was the momentary outpouring of a wounded heart that knew nothing but kindness and unselfish devotion to friends. He never failed to do any one a kindness. The world does not often produce these noble characters and they ought to be revered by all who know their nature and

come in contact with them. It is the idol, only, that I worship. Big names and titles have no charms, unless principle is embodied with them.

Isaac Chandler was another of my friends who was a counterpart of A. G. Boone in charity and all that makes up a manly man. Both died poor because they could not say "No" when a friend appealed to them for help. I trust they are in close touch in the world of spirits, beyond human necessity, and will find all that they deserve and did not get here, in this short world of ingratitude. Adieu, old friends!

No event of my life of late years has brought me to a sense of the value of friends in the time of suffering as did my experience in 1890, when I was confined to my bed for nine weeks, having met with an accident. I came near being killed by a runaway team, but got off with a broken head and a broken leg. I was sixty-two years of age and the chances were that I would be a cripple the balance of my life. This was not pleasant to contemplate as I had always been active and able to take care of myself without having to ask others to wait upon me, and the thought of this bore heaviest on my mind when I was first hurt.

A short time before this accid entoccurred, a friend, or a pretended friend, had betrayed my confidence in him and swindled me out of nearly two thousand dollars and skipped the country. I was rather sore toward mankind in general, felt that there was but little disinterested friendship in the world and had about resolved to let everyone paddle his own canoe, shut my selfish shell and look out for myself alone the balance of my days. Friends, this is a mean feeling and I felt guilty of something and

that I was growing narrow in the sere and yellow leaf of life, to curl up and blow away.

All this feeling left me when the time came to try the metal of my friends. Mrs. Burnell saw the City Ambulance drive up to my house and she came directly over and, like the kind sister that she was, washed the blood and mud from my face and gave me encouraging words, like a brave little woman. I shall never forget this if I live in the spirit a million years. So, later on, other friends came, all anxious to lend a helping hand. They sat up with me by night and came every hour in the day, I had an ovation for twelve weeks. Wives baked bread and cakes and brought them to me, the young ladies brought me flowers and fruit, the young men came and made music for me, some brought books, some read to me, some told funny stories for my amusement and one man brought a fine music box of twelve tunes and when he thought I was tired of them, exchanged for another with different music. Nothing was neglected to make the time pass pleasantly for me. After that I took a new view of humanity, as I knew none of this kindness had any motive of selfishness in it, aside from friendship.

As this sketch is not for the public eye, I will mention some names in this connection:—T. A. Burnell and wife, H. F. Richardson and wife, William Mandlin and wife, S. F. Powell and wife, Myers Fischer, Mrs. Ben. Spencer, John Rose and wife and many others who were very kind and thoughtful of my situation, and are all in my memory to stay.

My friend, H. P. H. Bromwell, came on one occasion and slipped a large size photo of himself behind the piano for me, as I had expressed a desire for one some time before, and it hangs beneath the life size oil portrait I had

painted of Col. A. G. Boone some years ago. These are men of the same sentiment and good feeling and were friends when both were in life. I am proud to have their pictures, to hang together so I can see just how they looked while I live and shall charge those who may have them after I am gone to preserve them as I did. They both belonged to the same Masonic Lodge and were up in high degrees in the society.

I am not like the most of men. I never belonged to anything or anybody that might check my freedom of speech or action in matters of life. I never belonged to any church or endorsed any belief except spiritualism. If my senses are of any value to me, I have every reason to believe in the continuity of life.

I am well aware that there is much deception practiced through public mediums, for the purpose of making money, and they may have some ability that is genuine. But many are not satisfied with this. They like notoriety and step outside of what is honest to get it. There is no doubt of this. Among their popular phrases is materialization and if there is any ground for this phrase ever being genuine, as is claimed by some very good and sensible people, it has not been my good fortune to meet with it, nor did I ever hear of any of these mediums that did not get caught in their fraudulent attempts at some time. I hold that if this phrase is what many claim it, there would be one out of many hundreds that would not practice fraud in it, and only give the genuine. As yet that one has not come before the people and maintained his or her honesty in this phrase. This to my mind goes far to prove that real materialization is a fake. Etherialization is far more probable I believe. Forms of that nature may be made up and dissolved much more easily

than it is to make up solid bodies and dissolve them almost instantaneously by the dozen.

I have learned this much about all beliefs of a religious nature, that people get blind and fanatical or they would not endorse and accept unreasonable things, coming through their belief as they do. Another thing I have learned is that a belief does not make people honest or any more worthy of trust. If they were, by nature, honest, no religious belief would make them dishonest. If they are by nature dishonest it is only fear that keeps them honest and the doctrine of fear is, in fact, becoming a thing of the past. Hell has cooled off. The seven-headed monster that had charge of that far famed institution has retired from public business, where the search light of truth has penetrated the minds of the people. When all superstition is swept away by practical knowledge, all sects will disappear. The true principle of life is in what we do, not what we believe. I think one might pray until Doom's Day, and not act, and that one starve, as he should.

True religion is universal kindness to all living things, animal as well as human. With kindness, justice, truth and honesty as counterparts you have the best religion the world ever saw.

CHAPTER VIII.

In the Spring of 1895, the writer was induced by some friends to join the Colorado Co-operative Company. This colony had been formed in the winter of 1894, while the State Legislature was in session. Two members of that body were among its incorporators. They met at the home of Mr. and Mrs. C. E. Smith and discussed locations and necessary laws all winter and finally formulated a constitution and by-laws which they thought would

cover the ground and not conflict with the State or United States Laws but give equal justice to all its members and shield it against sharks and speculators. They made a number of mistakes, but at the annual election of 1896, they remedied some of them. In law making, where equal justice is at stake there are many difficulties to encounter and so many holes to stop that one feels like throwing the whole system to the dogs; if possible, simplify rules, regulating all interests and settle all disputes by arbitration. Not be loaded down with laws that a keen lawyer can drive a four horse team through and then pay expensive court fees to have them melted away like a Spring snow. We have a super-abundance of laws and no justice.

Our people, who were taking an active part in this colony formation, were divided in opinion about the best mode of procedure concerning the ownership of lands. Some were strong enthusiasts on the brotherhood-of-man principle, that the lands should be held in common. After much debating, the individual ownership of land prevailed, through the strenuous efforts of C. E. Smith. He had been a victim of the Topolobampa Commune and had seen the ill effects of collective ownership. He saw that the indolent would see the industrious do all the work until patience was worn out, desertion followed and the result was entire failure.

After much searching over this state for land where fruit and grain could be relied on, if land and water could be combined, that place was found in Montrose County, on the San Miguel River, Tabawatch Valley, lying some hundred feet above the stream. It is some twenty miles long, averaging two miles wide and paralleling the river.

Looking to the East you see a finely marked snowy

range, Mount Sneffles and Lone Cone being the promontories, seen from a distance as sentries over the less pretentious mountains of the range. The San Miguel bursts out of the side of this range and falls several hundred feet. The springs, fed by perpetual snow, make two good sized lakes and the overflow makes streams that find the San Miguel as their outlet into the Dolores River, whose waters finally mingle with the Pacific Ocean.

B. L. Smith had traveled several hundred miles by team, looking for a location and had about decided that nearly all the desirable land, where water could be carried, was taken, and was on his way home when he was taken sick at Placerville and had to lay over. While there he met a Mr. Placen and told him his business and at once Placen told him that forty miles down the river he would find just what he had described, and wanted, and, on this advice, he went and found our present location, as Placen had described it. He at once decided it was the promised land and wrote to the directors, all of whom were in Denver at that time, and they sent a committee to look it over and report, which decided the matter.

B. L. Smith, late in the fall, moved his family to Naturita, a Post Office and Stage Station on the river, opposite the valley. His brother, Truman Smith, went with him on this cold trip over high ranges of mountains and bad roads. By permission of R H. Blake, they put up a house for winter quarters, hauling the lumber thirty miles.

The colony, at that time, had about twenty members, but no money. A fifteen and one-half mile ditch had to be built before any crops could be raised and this made the outlook not very encouraging. However a nucleus must be formed to work from and to do this it was

thought best to lease seventy acres of Mr. Blake's land which was above his ditch and could be watered by taking out a ditch farther up the stream. He agreed to let us have the use of it for three years if we would put out a ditch, sufficiently large to water this seventy acres, which we did and got it out in time to raise fair crops the first year. This year we will have better crops and a better variety of needful things.

Our little paper, "The Altrurian," was gotten out in January, 1894, by C. E. Smith and J. S. Bartow and in Februray, Truman Smith was made its editor. About two hundred copies were issued and sent out where it was thought they would do the most good. Letters of inquiry about the colony commenced to come in and one man in Texas sent a fully paid up share. This was a big lift, as the treasury was about as low as a Denver Savings Bank after a run had been made on it. We needed everything, provisions, tools, seed for planting and hay and grain for the horses.

In February, several joined with myself, Mr. Newcomb, Mr, Clark, (Mr. Necomb went down on the work), and young Lewis Miller from Alliance, Neb., John Blake and Mr. Pason; Mr. Mead from Florida, came in; Miss McElroy and H. E. Robinson, both of Denver, joined. The latter part of June was set for filing on the first land by the Colony members, and a party of eight was made up to go down: Miss Elsie Gifford, Miss Ada McElroy, J. S. Bartow, L. L. Miller, H Epperson, John Doing, E. L. Gallatin, and Truman Smith, B. L. Smith and R. H. Blake met us with wagons at Montrose, to convey us over the route to Naturita. We were well loaded and camped out two nights, had a jovial crowd and got through all right.

When at one point on the top of Uncompaghra Mountain, we could look across the San Miguel River and see Wright's Mesa, as it is called, an open plateau, high on the mountain where the towns of Norwaod and Shaunadok with their surrounding settlements are located. This is a fine body of land, its only real drawback being its altitude and scarcity of water at times. One of these difficulties may be overcome by tapping the San Miguel River high up or by making reservoirs to store the waters of Beaver and Naturita Creeks, on which a company is now at work.

From our elevated point we could see all over the country and our promised land which looked like a thread. It is a fine piece of land of sandy loam, which has been washed from the mountain sides into it for centuries and lodged there until it is very deep. All that is needed to make it bloom like a garden is water, and the San Miguel carries all and more than is needed to water all the land in the vicinity. Fine pine and quaking aspen timber grows in abundance.

Twelve miles back of this land and easy of access, pine trees, four feet through and sixty feet tall without a limb, are no uncommon occurrence. Coal croppings are numerous; fine building stone is in abundance; fire and other clays are found. In fact, nature has grouped together about as many good things, for man's use, as can be found anywhere; good land that will grow anything produced in this state; plenty of water to irrigate it; fine healthy climate; a good home market; certainty of crops under irrigation and a water power sufficient to turn all the wheels of a large manufacturing town.

On the twenty-second of June, we rode over the land under the direction of B. L. Smith, were shown the lines,

and a number of locations on our land, and filed on the same at Montrose. Miss McElroy, John Doing, H. Epperson, J. S. Bartow, T. O. Smith, L. L. Miller and E. L. Gallatin, were the first to file of the colony. Some land had been filed upon by some people, who did it on the strength of the colony locating there, but have forfeited the same by non-compliance with the law. These people wanted to bluff the colony, as they had made a summary of the ditch and claimed a priority of water right, but finally found that we meant business and wanted to unite with us in building a ditch. This we refused, as they were entirely speculative, while we were co-operative and our interests were not compatible in any respect. They lost about twelve hundred dollars in the effort. This trouble was no comparison to our internal trouble, which commenced in July. The foul brood came early into our colony. The busy bee has this trouble and it kills many colonies of them if not eradicated.

Narrow, selfish people have no business in a colony. They breed discontent and look with jealous eyes on every move that is made and make it a personal matter to find fault on all occasions. Some such found us very early; one L. L. Miller and one L. L. Gifford, who were full of theoretical socialism, and could lean on a shovel handle and build castles for a king.

These two philosophers soon found fault with the manager, B. L. Smith, and enlarged on every fault until they formed a clique of sore-heads and conspired to take a contract, for a district school house, which they knew the colony was figuring on. When they found they were defeated, they conspired to make the colony lose money on the contract. In this they were again defeated and two out of three left the colony. The one who remained

should have been put out then and there and saved much subsequent trouble. This loquacious seedling never lost a chance to blast the colony to any stranger he thought might be seeking information. Some could see at once that he was a windbag and paid no attention to him, but not so with some people, who are always looking for all the ill things they can learn of an honest enterprise, and they are the first persons to be caught in a broken bank or a snide investment.

In September, 1895, Mrs. Anna L. Diggs came to Colorado in the interest of the Columbia Co-operative Colony. The principals lived in or about Topeka, Kansas. She was looking up a location and had visited several states, south and west, but had failed to find the promised land, and was disappointed in the one she came to see in Colorado, called Ute Park, and hearing of the C. C. C., called upon the writer for information concerning the possibility of uniting us. There seemed no great obstruction to a united effort to get out the ditch together. She decided to go on a tour of investigation and telegraphed Dr. McLallin, of the "Topeka Advocate," to join her here and go down and inspect, and were joined by W. G. M. Stone and others, of Denver. The colony team met them at Placerville, the nearest road point, and took them to Naturita.

They were taken over the land, shown the coal croppings, and the San Miguel River, and were more than pleased with the location, so much so, that they decided at once to join us as individuals and take chances on their people being satisfied with the choice made. They firmly believed that they could bring with them one hundred families, and send us one thousand dollars in six weeks. They were much disappointed. They did not

bring in but a few members, and it would have been better if we had never seen one half of them, but some are good members.

One young Blake, a bag of egotism, came from Topeka, had studied law, and, of course, knew it all, made his brags that he would soon change our constitution and by-laws, and put things in good running order. Like two drops of water he and Mr. L. L. Gifford came in full affinity, natural polarity.

Soon another wise-head came, in the shape of a country editor, one Van Derventer. Here was a trinity of wisdom and added to this came the great civil engineer from Topeka, Kansas, Wetherby by name, who had to take lessons from Manager B. L. Smith in running a ditch line. The fifth wheel, to this wonderful vehicle of wisdom, came from Denver, one Howard Stephens, a discharged street car motorneer.

When the camp was established at Cottonwood, this select body of wisdom took possession of one house and started their own mess, to boil down expenses, and show the non-resident members how the manager was speculating on resident members by charging fifty cents a day for board, proving that he was making ten dollars clear profit every month on each boarder. Just think of a man digging a ditch, and living on five dollars a month, while all grading contractors charged their men four dollars per week for corn beef, black coffee, no butter or milk, cabbage, turnips and potatoes as vegetables. This great economy group lasted one month. Their stomachs were thin, but their heads were plump.

This nucleus of wisdom commenced a recruiting service. They were the first to meet a new member and pour into his ear that there was trouble in the camp, and

gave out dark hints of great waste and wrong management, that the whole system needed overhauling and a new manager should be appointed, with a lot of department managers under him. All told, there were not twenty men to manage, but the colony was recruiting from the outside rapidly and these conspirators were getting the benefit of the unconscious workers that were sending in bone and sinew.

Finally the cap sheep of this pyramid of growing wisdom, came in the form of an ex-congressman, another son of Kansas, one John G. Otis. Here was their leader, an oily sleek-pated bundle of plausibility, of mature age and fairly gifted with speech. He was a man calculated to draw to him weaker minds that could not reason for themselves. His mode of procedure made a strong point for him. He took the pick and shovel in hand and labored on the ditch by day. Each lick that he struck, was accompanied with the thought that, "I, John G. Otis, will soon be the guiding mind, in this colony, that shall direct and govern all its moves, instead of being a day worker with the common herd. I will be its master mind." No one, at that time, could tell where he stood. He was not yet identified with the small gang of malcontents. The annual election was near at hand, to elect a full board of directors, and the gang was preparing the great civil engineer, Wetherby, for director and their only hope to elect him was through a new enactment, called the cumulative vote. Where a few can vote if nine are to be elected, voting nine times for one candidate and five times nine elected Wetherby on the board. Otis, being nominated went in like a shot by the unsuspecting majority, and was made vice-president of the board.

After that occurrence his open and hostile work com-

menced against the management. The cloven foot was no longer concealed, his tactics were brought into full play. He covered whole sheets of paper with resolutions for every meeting, and shot his sarcasm right into everything, kept the meetings running until after midnight on some visionary plan of running things.

Soon after the election, he was reinforced by J. H. Goldworthy and R. B. Frye. The last named stated that he had come two thousand miles to regulate things in the Colorado Co-operative Colony. He had great confidence in his full ability to show the originators how to run a colony. Goldworthy had announced his great experience in ditch construction, by having built several difficult ditches in this state, and this opened the way to put him in charge of the work, in preference to all others. He soon proved to be ignorant, of what he professed, in almost every respect, and made our first mile of ditch the most expensive one on the whole line, and, worst of all, he was bull-headed about it, insisting that he could make a ditch stand run through a bed of gypsum, without fluming and that it was better to carry storm water over than under a ditch at the intersection of large ravines. This led general manager Smith to suspect he was an impostor and he wrote to a friend at Golden, Colorado, inquiring if Goldworthy had the contract to build that ditch near Golden and asked what sort of a reputation he bore. He soon got a reply that he did not bear a good reputation in any respect, that he had been an inmate of our state prison two years for stealing cattle and had never had a contract at Golden on the ditch but worked on it as a common hand. Smith also had a letter, from the warden of the penitentiary, verifying this man's statement about the imprisonment and the crime.

Manager Smith read these important letters at a regular meeting in Goldworthy's presence. He acknowledged that he had served the time stated, but said he was innocent of the crime. This was a hard blast on one of the leading lights of this conspiracy, which was being backed by sixteen others at that time, who claimed to carry more intellect than all others in the ranks.

Fourteen of their number had made a nine day pilgrimage, to the lower end of the valley, on the pretense of locating land. It leaked out that they laid out a toy town, made a map, named the place under a new organization, elected officers, made speeches, denouncing the old camp, burned Smith in effigy and buried him on the banks of the roaring Tabawatch and came back to camp and stated that they had located on over four thousand acres of land. They felt sure of their ultimate control of the old colony, in all things, and did not want this rather isolated piece of ground for any real use. This was a ruse to more thoroughly concoct plans to carry out their capture and the whole business. They wanted no listening ears, near at hand, to annoy them.

After this escapade they grew more arrogant, became more insulting at the meetings, and, on one occasion, Wetherby took occasion to call B. L. Smith a liar, when it was uncalled for, but it was a part of the scheme to aggravate him to desperation. As he is known to be a man of nerve and great strength, this would, under ordinary circumstances, be taking great chances of getting black eyes and a sore head, but B. L. Smith held his temper to save the colony any disgrace and a law suit to disrupt it. His sweet revenge came through the peaceful ballot, when the board decided to discharge eight members from the work, two of whom were on the board of directors.

It came like a clap of thunder from a clear sky, when the vote was announced. John G. Otis, J. H. Goldworthy, Howard Stephens, J. W. Van Deventer, H. H. Crisman, W. H. Brown, A. H. Wetherby and L. L. Gifford were expelled from the Colorado Co-operative Colony for fault finding, mischief making and their open avowal and determination never to cease their opposition until the organization was changed to suit their opinions.

The San Miguel turned its waters up stream, the moon turned its hue to blood red and John G. Otis turned his vials of wrath on the heads of the devoted management that had the audacity to vote him out of the colony, a man without a blemish on his character.

When he cooled off sufficiently to come to his senses and find that he was only a man, he hurried up to Camp Cottonwood to report what had taken place. They at once made a raid on the commissary supply, and about cleaned it out. For this they could have been made to suffer under the law of the land but this was avoided for the sake of quieting all disturbance, with as little publicity as possible, as any disturbance in the colony goes like wild-fire. They threatened sueing the colony for the amount due them, for cash paid in and labor performed, but, after cooler consideration, thought it best to settle as best they could, at the next meeting of the board, and remained on the ground muttering threats and doing the colony all possible injury they could with investigators, and writing letters to all points where they could reach the ear of any one who had been corresponding with us. They sought the press wherever they could to ventilate their side of the question, never admitting that they had been expelled, but had withdrawn from the colony because of its bad laws and bad management.

Every one of them understood our laws before they joined us. There was nothing concealed and in this connection I will state that when these people were pinned down to state their reasons of antagonism to manager B. L. Smith or their cause of grievance, it was of the most trivial nature, such as men of their pretentions ought not to consider for a moment, unless they had some ulterior object for their action, based on selfish motives, to gain control and shove out all who would not come in under their yoke, without respect to their rights as the founders of the colony and all it had gained. If they could not succeed they would ruin it if they could, by falsehood and opposition.

CHAPTER IX.

On May 2nd, an amicable settlement was made. The wages due them altogether were four hundred and sixty-eight dollars and this was to be paid in lumber and has been turned over, as per agreement. One hundred and ninety-one dollars in money was due them and was paid promptly in thirty, sixty and ninety days after this settlement. They formed a new association, called the Altrurian Associatian. They made their headquarters at Shennandoah, eight miles from the colony camp. Here thay made laws and by-laws and plans for a large three story stone building as their assembly hall and quarters. This was to be built at once, but five months have passed and not a stone is in place yet.

They were going to purchase sixteen sections of the Gurley Investment Company and failed to purchase one acre. They then went into a ditch contract with the Gurleys, under their great ditch contractor, Goldworthy.

They took it so low that they had to throw it up. They then went to cutting hay on shares around Norwood, and, when through with that, went into the visionary work of again building colonies on paper, sunk a well in Pinon Park, where some government land can be had, and are now planning a huge scheme to bring a ditch out of the San Miguel River to water it.

A few of them will remain while the great heads will go east to set the tide of emigration in motion. The spotless John G. Otis will labor in Kansas and blackmailer R. B. Fry will scour Old Pennsylvania for recruits. This man is the most shameless liar that has found his way West.

With one or two exceptions, this little group of men have less regard for the truth than can be found among the same number anywhere else in the world. I have this from personal knowledge, as they wrote me long letters, collectively and individually. They were determined to make me a victim of their scheme, and contended all the time, that I was with them, to the resident stockholders, when they knew that they had not one word from me to encourage any such thought.

I had one letter of seventeen pages, finely written and signed by five of their members, another of eight or ten pages, signed by about the same number. I had long letters from Otis, Goldworthy and Chrisman. I had said to them that the greater part of their complaints were not well founded. I said: "If you have any real grievances put them in the form of a specific charge against the management and, if you can sustain them with facts, I will be with you in ousting any wrong doer in our ranks."

To this they made no reply and one by one stopped

their complaints to me, yet holding that I was with them in their unholy plan to break up the colony and control it, regardless of the many poor members that were straining every nerve to pay in money to make a home and save themselves from pauperism. I made this appeal to these conspirators and asked them to think of what they were doing to injure other people and to postpone any changes until the ditch was out, so that these people might live on the land and then if any changes in laws were needed, make them by a majority vote. But no appeal could reach their hearts. The one selfish idea of control prevailed. The spotless John G. Otis could see himself the great "I am," a second Moses, as a law giver unto his people, and that thought alone made the man the most despicable character of the whole mob.

About the time of the climax about to take place, several committees from different clubs met at Camp Cottonwood; Messrs. Wilson and Winters, of the Chicago club, Mr. Rosenquent, of the St. Paul club, Mr. Ruggles, of Osborne, Kansas, and Mr. Fort, of Colby, Kansas. They arrived there in time for one of the monthly meetings, were invited to attend and were present when Otis and others offered resolutions of an aggravating character, did not have the decency to put themselves on their good behavior, in the presence of strangers and seemed to take the opportunity to show these strangers that they had some real ground for their action.

These strangers formed themselves into a committee of investigation. Two of them were political friends of Mr. Otis, coming from his congressional district in Kansas, and had voted to send him to congress. These two men proved our best and most staunch friends, after they had fully investigated the situation. Geo B. Ruggles and James H. Fort will never be forgotten by the colony.

This committee said to the conspirators: "We are here to look into the colony affairs for ourselves and neighbors. You tell us there is trouble, and hint at deep wrongs and, while your action at the meeting last night was very aggressive, we saw nothing but gentlemanly action on the part of the officials in power. We come, as we have a right to, and ask you to state your grievance."

They hesitated to make a statement, but, being questioned closely, they said they had nothing personal against the manager, B. L. Smith, but objected to losing the Blake land and thought it was a mistake. "Well," said the committee, "what else have you in store to kick about?" They then found fault with the time it took to get the saw mill in place. Then the committee said to them, "Was not this Blake land leased previous to your joining the colony?" "Yes, it was." Well, we think this objection not well founded, and, as to taking too much time in getting the saw mill in place where snow and wind had to be contended with, we think your objection not well considered and that it falls flat, on investigation."

Mr. Ruggles and Mr. Fort joined us at once and are staunch members now. Mr. Fort has moved his entire family and all his effects.

In memoriam of this conspiracy, no member who took an active part will soon forget that it imperiled our life as a colony; it took sixteen members out of the working force at once, as eight sympathizers went with the expelled; it frightened three Germans away; it kept the Chicago and St. Paul clubs from us; it stopped the payment of the Brooklyn club and further recruiting; it kept members from all over the country from coming in. They expected that, of course, like nearly all colonies in the country, we would fall to pieces and sink out of sight like a bubble on the sea.

It was a trial for the Denver club to read the report of this exodus, when they had a number of eager investigators almost ready to join; but come it must, and C. E. Smith read it and then made a short address, explaining the cause and circumstances that brought about the disaster, and the vote that expelled the active eight. It demoralized some of our members; others, it gave more backbone and they put in their money more freely. One young lady, Miss Laura Nesselrode, said: "Here is twenty-five dollars for Alice Roony and myself. Now is the time you need it." This was true. Mr. Reed, a new member, said: "I will stay with you. It is the best thing that could have happened, getting rid of those people on such easy terms. It will put us back now, but will prove a blessing in the end. It will show to our co-operative friends that we will not stand any foolishness, that we mean business. It will keep from our ranks the cranks and visionary adventurers that have been the bane of all colonies. P. B. Hirsch of Pueblo, said: "The board did right and I am glad they did it. I am with you to all intents and purposes." Dr. Seymoure of Kansas, said: "Now you will prosper. You have weeded out the nauceous weeds that were choking your life out."

These predictions are proving true. We are going on building, slowly but surely, gaining members and the confidence of the people far and near. We keep our credit good by meeting our bills, have our own saw mill, our own printing plant and will publish our paper at our principal camp until the ditch is on the land.

So far every emergency has been met. When we could not see our way clear to go much farther a way was provided so that we might go on. If this is to be our

continued good fortune, all difficulties will be surmounted and all the hopes fulfilled that inspired its conception.

The Colorado Co-operative Company was not formed for selfish purposes. Its motives are purely humanitarian. The only hope is to unite in bettering the condition of all who come within its gates, and to show the world the advantages that may be derived from a system of co-operation in preference to competition. The one unites and inculcates a bond of unselfish interest; the other arrays man against man in a deadly fight for existence. One makes man noble and independent; the other makes him a cheat, a schemer and a falsifier. One inculcates corruption in everything, religion and politics which are made hobbies in strife of gain and are corrupted until the original in both has been swallowed up and is no longer recognized; the other purifies both by giving man all he needs with half the effort, and opening up to him higher thoughts of the purposes of human life. One makes gold a god; the other makes principle the ideal to worship. One builds up a purse-proud aristocracy that has no merit above money; the other produces common sense, moral uprightness and equality. One builds up syndicates and corporations to suppress and choke out liberty and happiness; the other gives freedom and an equal chance to live and enjoy all the good gifts of nature. One makes tramps, beggars, drunkards and thieves; the other makes temperance, insures homes and gives all the neccessities of life—hence there is no neccessity to beg or steal.

If this is anarchy, anarchy goes with us while our head is hot and our heart beats are regular. Give us anarchy all the time. Our personal relations to this colony have deeply interested us, through sunshine and darkness and clouds of despondency that have come and gone in the

past twelve months. When thoughts came to us that we were about to reach a point that would turn the tide in our favor, some reverses would come to turn the table on us.

Some have suspected that we were in it for some speculation, a few giving us credit for higher motives. We know, within our own minds, our motives and shall not be discouraged by any idle gossip that may emanate in a disordered brain. We fully realize the tendency of many people to impugn the motives of others and no one escapes their criticism. They are not generally builders of anything that is not entirely selfish and they are suspicious of any one that is not of their way of thinking.

The history of our country shows how the best of men who saved us from English tyranny by fighting the battles and sacrificing all they had for freedom, came under the lash of suspicion, when the smoke was cleared away. The Father of our Country was denounced as a tyrant and aristocrat in the presidential chair and accused of favoring monarchy and overdrawing his salary.

In view of this no one in the ordinary path of life can expect exemption. The darts of narrow minds that fill space in all parts of the world must be shot at some one and we expect to take our share, and go on with our work just the same, not seeking praise or profit, but success, our highest aim. Let the wild winds blow and the silly goose chatter; time alone will prove all things for or against us. If any are worthy of confidence, the well inclined will discover it and bestow it in the proper time and place. That which we cannot control will always menace mankind; and I, as one, like a little drop of water in the ocean, can fill my little as all that have passed and will pass for all eternity, and go on with the never ending

procession, believing if we do about right that we will find the gates ajar for us to learn more and be more in a higher calling than this world affords.

Having had a hard struggle in the world as a boy, as a man past the meridian of life I can fully appreciate the situation of those who have no homes or any liable mode of maintaining themselves without employment as a wage worker for someone who needs their work. This is one of my motives for being identified with the Colorado Co-operative Colony in this effort to gain a home and thereby make each one more independent, who embraces this opportunity. I wish with all my heart and soul to see every worthy man and woman have a home and all the necessaries of life and not be under the whip of corporations. I can see plainly how this could be obtained by co-operation and a few years of patient toil.

One must have patience these times. Quick fortunes are a thing of the past and never should have existed. When one man piles up a fortune it is usually at the loss of many others, except in the discovery of rich mines or oil wells. Rapid money makers are not contented people and socially are not very entertaining. Only the one idea moves them and that is gain. They oftener die poor than the one who gains slowly and by hard stages gains a competency.

The money god has superceded all other gods and is fast killing all who cannot worship at his shrine. He sets son against father and brother against brother; he builds a wall between them, solely on the difference of possession. Poverty is a crime in his opinion and he spurns it with a superiority that is born in a wild and insane ambition to be superior to his fellow-man, on the basis of gold alone.

CHAPTER X.

In December, 1896, the Colorado Co-operative Colony had fifty-six new members. In was supposed that this influx, all in one month, was caused by a published notice that the membership share would be advanced after January 1st, 1897, to comply with a resolution to that effect. Be that as it may, very few active workers in the colony had thought it worth while to instruct their proxies against a raise. There was no justification for it in our laws of incorporation or in our principles, advocated in co-operation for the brotherhood of man, or for the wave of prosperity that would turn our heads back to old competition and speculation and make us forget our promises to build up a home place where a frugal man, though poor, could have a home as cheap as land and water could be had in Uncle Sam's domain. But we are ashamed to record the fact that membership was doubled on the ground that it was worth double the amount in a stock jobber's view and must be put up. Poor, narrow man! When will you break your shell of blind selfishness and crawl out in the sunlight of a higher thought than gold! gold! gold! which you worship by day and dream of at night, forgetting that you are human and your life here is short and hangs on a hair of uncertain strength which may break and plunge you into a new condition, where your gold cannot follow you.

On January 2nd, 1897, the annual election of the colony board of directors was held at Pinon, the center ditch camp. For some time previous to the election, mutterings of dissatisfaction were manifest about certain ones of the old board, who had rendered themselves very unpopular in various ways, and it was determined to retire them to the common ranks of membership to get the

swelling out of their heads and save them from danger of collapse by a further strain on the bone structure.

Letters had passed between the members of the Denver club on furthering a change, and a fair understanding was arrived at, as to who should be placed on the board to fill places. A clique had been formed under the guiding spirit of B. L. Smith who, in some unimaginable way, had allied himself with men whom he knew and had acknowledged in letters to his brothers, were incompetent to fill their places. No one was opposing his re-election on the board and many desired that he be made president. He was made aware of this by the writer and others, but this did not satisfy his dominant spirit, he contending that those chosen to run were not well selected and, if elected, would bring the colony to ruin. He went so far as to make a charge against some of them for dishonesty, and dragging their domestic affairs into publicity.

On investigation we find no foundation to sustain any of these charges as serious facts that would mitigate against these people. It seemed to have eminated from a jealous, diseased brain which feared to trust a change, lest new blood would not mould as putty in their hands, and he would be forced to acknowledge their superior ability in handling colony affairs, which must not advance beyond a certain limit.

This is sustained by the fact that all of this small clique want to maintain the two hundred dollar clause while ninety percent. are against it. They fear the incoming of brains that can see through the narrow policy under which the colony business has been run, can see how a few favored ones hold soft jobs under the pet system, waste time and get full credit for it on money paid in, made by the sweat of the brows of many, hopeful for a home.

This March 4th, 1897, two months after the colony election, not a new name has been added to our membership list, yet this wise leader of the small clique says if, by a called meeting, this clause is changed back to the old one of one hnndred dollars for a membership, he will resign his position as president and a member of the board, being unwilling to stand by his post if a majority rules against his opinions on this matter which is so vital to the colony success and so shuts the door against those who have little means and are seeking our colony as a haven of hope for a home that could not come in before. This is Altruism with a vengeance indeed.

How did he get his high position that makes his rulings law, partial as they may be? He got it by deception. He deceived his own brother by a misleading promise. That was, that he and his clique would not use the cumulative vote at the election of the board, that on the morning of the election he would make a talk against it. He never intended to make this talk. He simply read the law on this subject, knowing full well that his pets, Robinson, Bramier and Veitch would be elected by this very vote, while had he made a manly declaration that it was legal and that his clique would use it, then the majority would not have voted for him or for Chatfield. They by cumulating their fifty-five votes on three men, elected them by a straight majority vote, leaving his clique in the minority and himself out in the cold. This, in brief, is the conduct of B. L. Smith in the colony to date. What he may do to injure its success is yet to be written. It seems from what this two-sided man said in moments of anger that he has an insane belief that this colony cannot exist if he is not the head and front of it for all time, and is jealous of all new comers, who, by

their good behavior or ability, become popular and are in his way and he cannot hide his feelings toward them.

This is his weakness as a man, from our standpoint, and if we are correct we pity him as this overshadows all his noble traits of character, that would make him a power in any colony or community. He has stood in the fore as the bulwark of our hopes, until now when he takes to his bosom incompetents, drones and mischief makers as his first and best friends. He has forfeited the confidence of all his oldest and best friends and of three of his own brothers, who are members of the colony and cannot account for his strange and obstinate course only on the basis of jealousy. Had the writer any reasonable way of clearing away the fog that envelopes this man's actions of rule or ruin, he would gladly do it. But it is impossible, forming our judgment from his own words and actions which seal and set our opinions.

The meeting is called in advance of the return of petitions, demanding a called meeting of stockholders. May 1st, is the time indicated by the master of ceremonies for gathering to settle the fate of this struggling, hopeful body of people. Many are awaiting the result of this meeting as the turning point for success or final ruin. It is evident to every thinking man that the present management is incompetent and has lost the confidence of the majority of members. The warning signal of danger is in every mind that feels any interest in the colony movements of the monopoly-ridden land we are living in.

The little Denver band is straining every nerve, making every sacrifice, while our good brothers, P. B. Hirsch, of Pueblo, R. E. Cooper, of Palco, Kansas, Geo. B. Ruggles, of Osborne, Kansas, and H. Epperson, of Julesburg, Colorado, are with us to save the sinking ship,

loaded with many hopes for homes and a happy future, and hard earned dollars. If we believed in the efficacy of prayer we would try it in this effort to turn the tide of selfishness that is cramping all our hopes. We would turn it on full force, backed by hard work in the crank movement.

CHAPTER XI.

April 20th, 1897.

The time is drawing near for the second crisis of our colony life in twelve months. The Otis conspiracy came to a climax on the 11th day of April, 1896. Now we are confronted with the B. L. Smith conspiracy which is founded on as selfish and stubborn grounds as the first, to be settled on May 1st, 1897. All work is suspended for the colony. Money has stopped coming in. Supplies are very short for man and beast. Some are clearing away rubbish on some patches of tillable land, leading water to it, so that they may raise something to eat. Some are placer mining on the banks of the San Miguel River.

T. O. Smith and William Wotherspoon have gone as the advance guard to the front to reconnoiter and consult with the true friends of the colony, who stand as a bulwark against the conspirators who are planning to hold their ill-gotten power over the will of the majority through some cunning skullduggery.

H. E. Robinson has just gone back from Denver, to report his success in turning people to his master's will, so that he may continue in favor and be called secretary, if only of a hole in the ground. Oh, how we apples float!

These uprisings of greed in colonies that profess one thing and practice another, are as hypocritical as the

churches, and all such members that seek colonies, are only within its gates for self-aggrandizement, not for any good feeling for their fellow-man.

Any man or woman that has fallen below the line of common justice and will watch for small flaws in a neighbor's life and make mountains out of them, is not a fit subject for any colony. Such should be made to live in isolated and lonely abodes or in low districts of the city slums, under the vigilant eyes of the city officials so that their tongues may be called to a halt under the restraint of the law.

I very much regret to speak thus in relation to any whom we have within our fold, and I sincerely hope we may never have occasion to pluck out tares or obnoxious weeds to free the grain from contamination. We are aware that we are dealing with human nature that is full of faults and frailties that are not easily changed, but let us try to do our best to show by our works the faith in us as co-operators, not alone for gain and self protection, but for mutual good, which may be enlarged and revised until every one may feel its influence.

Cast the mantle of charity over those who try hardest to overcome inborn faults; give them all possible encouragement to stand on higher ground so that the eternal breakers may fall short of reaching them; fill the gossiper's mind with more generous food; don't lend a listening ear to fault finders who can see the faults in other people's characters and snow white garments, but no blotches for themselves. It is our friends who see our faults and tell us how to mend them; it is our enemies who see our faults and peddle them out on the sly, then smile in our faces when they meet us.

Sneaking jealousy is one of the lowest traits of human nature. It lives on all the poison of a low instinct and strikes its fangs into all things as the mad dog or blind snake, to ease an overburdened condition of venom, ready at all times, to give pain in the place of pleasure. They prefer discord to harmony. They would rather hate than love. Like vultures, they hover over the misfortunes of the fallen and pick their bones with greedy delight.

CHAPTER XII.

On May 1st, the called meeting assembled at Pinon according to the call made. Mr. Geo. B. Ruggles, of Osborne, Kansas, Mr. R. E. Cooper and wife, from Palco, Kansas, H. Epperson, of Julesburg, Colo., Mrs. Hattie Wright, Mr. J. Gabriel, T. O. Smith, William Wotherspoon, C. E. Smith and E. L. Gallatin, all of Denver, and Mrs. Barnes, of Washington, D. C., took the Rio Grande train for Placerville on the 27th of April, and were met by W. J. Sage and J. O. Smith at Placerville with wagons to transport the earnest members to the scene of action at Pinon. Two days of consultation outlined the plan of procedure for the majority of the members, who wished to settle matters with as little friction as possible, as the public airing of colony affairs is not desirable at any time. The public sentiment is watching with a jealous eye every movement made by colonies, and it augments into wonders as it flies from ear to ear.

We found a stubborn minority in position to give us all the trouble they could, to displace them of offices obtained by scheming and were using them in the face of ruin to satisfy a foolish ambition to be on top. Robinson as secretary, read the roll call with trembling hands and a choking voice. He got through with it and sank into his seat. B L. Smith, as president of the board, asked the

pleasure of the meeting. In a moment O. C. Springer moved to continue Mr. Smith in the chair as a right of his position as president on the board. At this moment T. O. Smith moved to call Mr. Gabriel to the chair in obeyance to all rules and rights of stockholders who assemble to make laws or elect directors. After some discussion of the subject on the part of Messrs. Springer and Gabriel, the yeas and nays were taken as to whether this right rested with the stockholders or not, and it was emphatically decided that they held the right. A standing vote was called for, which was so certain and strong that B. L. Smith had to step down and give way for Mr. Gabriel, who appointed his committees and a recess was called to give them time to report at 7 o'clock A. M.

On assembling it was purposed to cast ballots for the selected directors by committee enmasse, and cut matters short in the way of contest, which was accepted and the result announced, making almost a clean sweep of the old board, retaining the most tricky members for seed of the past blundering of the new board, R. E. Cooper, M. D. Bowen, H. E. Broman, I. W. Smith, M. I. Sage, C. E. Brooks, J. H. Bramier, O. C. Springer and Veitch. The last three being the choice of the conspirators had held the lines to ruin.

This ended the second battle for the life of the colony. On the following day a board meeting was held and offices filled; Geo. B. Ruggles being selected for general manager until his place could be filled permanently. C. E. Brooks was elected president, R. E. Cooper, vice-president, M. D. Bowen, secretary, J. W. Smith, treasurer. Confidence was again restored and all reported ready for work, and the visiting members were getting ready to return to their homes to convey the glad tidings of a settlement

of pending difficulties to their friends and the members who had their all at stake.

The thought of seeing your ideal building torn to shreds by foolish dissension, say nothing of the financial loss, is as sad a grievance as that of losing a cherished friend. Such was the intensity of feeling in this quiet and orderly meeting that no one, not knowing its purposes, would have suspected for a moment the stern determination to save, if possible, the colony from the history of its many predecessors, from the pit dug for it by foolish ambition to rule or ruin. It took nerve and cool heads to steer clear of snags and torpedoes, planted for destruction.

Once more the ship is afloat, laden with hopes that a fair wind may fill its sails with energy that will land us in a safe harbor, beyond possible failure, before another meeting can form into life. How thoughts reflect is well illustrated in this conflict. The clique had announced that, when they got matters in full control, all who did not come under their yoke, made by them, would have to find new homes, and, when they found themselves beaten, seemed to think they deserved the treatment they had intended to give others. The majority leaders never once thought of nominating or expelling any one opposed to them, if they were willing to work and behave themselves in a manner becoming good members and citizens of the United States. It has been plainly set forth in our paper, time and time again, that we did not invite people who would not work, or those expecting to find soft jobs by scheming for them in the colony, when they are able bodied men and women. Just why such have sought us is passing strange, if they have any sense of decency left in their composition.

Personally, I should not feel welcome at a private house if I was not invited. Some who will work but are not content to share honors equally, are a dangerous element to success. They are continually finding fault and do not offer any assistance or remedy for these faults, but magnify them into crime. It is wrong to pull some one down to build a foundation for others to stand on and no man or woman should rise on such an unfair basis or principle and no true co-operation will, and the sooner this is understood among our people the sooner we will have harmony, and then our theory will go into practice until we can accomplish wonders that will astonish ourselves and all advocates of competition. Why not bury their selfish ambition and await results? If we make a stand against old customs let us do it in some positive manner and live up to it. It is abortive to do things by halves. It makes us appear as pretenders.

The colony has just learned some valuable lessons. Members cried justice, honesty and brotherhood when they had schemed to live out of the scanty food placed there by hands calloused to get a home. Those that were in power winked at this cool conduct and assisted them in their dastardly act, crying dishonesty against those who oppose this wrong, but the indignant majority arose in its might to crush out this octopus that was reaching out for spoils, to dry up the fountain of hope set flowing by some of these self-same pretenders, three years ago, men that could talk of the beauties of co-operation by the hour. Their love for their fellow man was as rich as a Jersey cow's cream.

Castles of precious stones were none too good for those that would join in this noble work of home building. Each man and woman would be a part of this small em-

pire that was to rise in a united effort, superior to its surroundings. The warm hand of fellowship was to welcome each new arrival in the promised land.

How different some who came a long distance by team, found it. Old people were not asked to share a colony roof in the time of a storm, by the proper authorities, but, thank the stars, we had some made of "pure wool and a yard wide" co-operators that did not wait for the big chief to call his medicine man to look cross-eyed at these people and see if they were the right sort of people to be with, and had not passed through Denver. It made a big difference whether he said: "McCarty, come out," or, "Come out, McCarty."

The arrival of the Ohio delegation met the approval of the big chief. They were made welcome and the fatted calf was killed. They were used to good things. They were God's chosen people. The farmers along the line of their travel to the promised land, made burnt offerings to these holy people, chickens, pigs, turkeys, corn, potatoes, in fact, all they needed without price. They did miracles with cards to get a little cash and showed the verdant people how they could converse with the angels through an instrument made by Edison for their special use. (Great rejoicing).

The high priest of the Ohio delegation being a fine haired dentist, announced that he did not come to wield the pick and shovel on the ditch, had no money to put in to pay others for work or for his board, but must necessarily live on some one's earnings. But Cottonwood camp people would not have their teeth plugged or pulled and pay three prices for it; so Bro. E. G. Brown retired from the editorial chair of "The Altruian" and this made a place for O. C. Springer as its editor. This was a bid for

war against the dagoes, as all opponents were called, on the ground that they were ready to open the battery for mud slinging. But for some better council, the paper would have befouled its own nest and made a stench that would not down by the wave of any one's hand. The colony would have been the sufferer and these penniless adventurers would have gained a little public notoriety at the cost of many.

It shows the danger of the present loose ideas of nearly all who get into any position, and should be strenuously guarded against in selecting any one for any place of trust. Our little paper, small and insignificant as it appears, could do us untold harm, in the hands of a reckless editor or a board that was in sympathy with his sentiments.

Our sentiments, through its columns, should be truthful and conservative in all respects, giving no offence to those who do not fully understand our object and might be made our friends when they more certainly understand us. Vinegar is too sour to catch flys; syrup is better. We want friends and plenty of them and let us pursue a generous course to get them. If we are narrow and bigotted we repel the very element that we should invite to our ranks in our call for the altruistic nobility of man.

CHAPTER XIII.

September 17th, 1897

Peace and plenty have hovered over the working camp, going well into five months. The faction led by B. L. Smith, has wiggled and twisted under the galling yoke, which forced them to pull their share of the load or quit.

At last we learn with pleasure that the big chief, with two of his clan, purchased eighty acres of land near the town of Montrose, and will leave the colony in the condition of a motherless colt, which has not learned to live on grass. Another clique of this swarm has settled below Naturita, on some bottom land to which they expect to lead water by Spring. Bramier is keeping open house; that is, the cracks are open. Springer has been discharged from all work for his ungentlemanly conduct. Virtually the clan that was so tyranically ruling up to May 1st, has fallen to pieces, while the colony, under the new board elected at that time, has paid off a debt of five hundred dollars, and has paid out cash for supplies and tools to the amount of one thousand dollars more, and has money in the treasury and considerable coming to them for lumber sold and will soon have another saw mill, a plainer and trimmer, paid for in lumber said to be worth two thousand dollars.

New members have filled the places of the disaffected ones and we are rapidly recruiting, showing plainly that good management will make things move under the most difficult circumstances. Notwithstanding B. L. Smith's great pretended fear, that if the management was changed, the colony would go to ruin, his narrow limitation of numbers to accomplish such a work is like his measurement of capacity in men, and their usefulness to the colony. Since he sees his mistake in so many directions, he cannot stay in the ranks and face those who have proven their superiority over his weakness.

At the present time the colony outlook was never so good. The distrust of the people who have been employed by others is growing as they see the gravity of their situation, the cutting of wages and raising of prices on the

necessities of life, caused by the tariff, which terrorizes the man with dependents on him for the bread they must have. If he gets on land that will produce, he lays the foundation for a future home, and moderate independence at first and final liberty from dependence on others to supply him with work. The isolated farmer's life is not very inviting to our social nature, but even that can be endured easier than pinching starvation, which is inevitable under the present system.

Co-operative communities have no necessity for isolation and continued drudgery in order to live. The small farms with intense cultivation, do not necessitate isolation and the town plan does away with it entirely, so far as the family may decide in its action of living on the farm or in town. Those that have trades and prefer to follow them, or any other line of business to which they are best adapted, can seek colony employment in the town and can have their land worked by those that prefer it and understand farm production. The line of distinction between occupations is not drawn in co-operation. The mutual interest felt in all industries binds them into one sheaf of grain that feeds them all.

This is as it should be, and would be if kings, queens, emperors, lords, dukes and other useless trash did not start this fungus growth of titled aristocracy, that fools and apes imitate. When pampered by surplus means, gained from the suffering producer, they must go abroad to learn more of this monkey business where they are filched by every tip-taker and laughed at for their credulity. They come home puffed up like a toad to tell of a foreign land and people, when they could not tell one half of their own state history, or who was its first governor. But they have been abroad. This is the American shoddy

that comes to the top like scum in the boiling cauldron. He wants all the world to know that he has money. The press wants some of it and they herald his name and tell his history as they should that of some great benefactor that had done the world some good, beyond selfish gain.

As a colony can inculcate a higher sentiment and cultivate a common sense view of our duty to each other that will take the place of this high-kiting desire and put some nobler aspiration on top as a premium, let us try it and begin with the children, as you cannot bend an old tree without danger of breaking it. It will not yield like the young sapling, that has not attained the dignity of a full grown tree, which has stood the blasts of many storms.

The young plastic mind will mold into thought like potters clay in the hands of a skilful artist, and retain his marks or impress while life lasts. We must have many mind moulders with us, who can take the lead in touching up and bringing out all the finer characteristics of our young people, from the five year old tot to the young man or woman, who will form our governing genius in the future. Turn the mind into channels not lined with gold or glittering diamonds. Show them Nature's fields with plant, flower, birds and insects and all that makes up this wonderful daily surrounding, and lead them on to the greater works that astound in magnitude the untaught mind. Wean the mind from tattle-tale gossip of family affairs, discourage it and put something in its place, that will not wound the feelings of any one or cause this everlasting bickering that brings nothing but sorrow and hate.

We all have our faults and short-comings and our peculiar ideas. They are our own, they come with us into the world. Have charity for those that were born

with disagreeable faults which are hard to overcome, and are so interwoven that few can see them at all.

Deformity of the mind is as unfortunate as that of the body, and how we pity the poor deformed child that must creep through this life as best it can, while the fine physically developed child with deformed mind must often fight harder to get through this unsympathetic world. We only look for the material things, with thoughts of happiness. All else is blank to us, yet we see all that is material undergoing eternal change. There is no real stability in its oneness.

Our frail bodies are filled with germs of death, ready at any opportune time to cut asunder the slender thread which holds the spiritual and the physical together. One withers and decays into a repulsive mass, finally returning to its former elements; the other, like a flash of electricity, is gone as it came. So much for our fitful existence here. If everlasting life follows, and we believe it does, this elementary stage should be as near right as possible, not because of the fear of an angry God or a burning hell, but for harmony here or a better start in a higher school of unending progression.

We are links in the endless chain of humanity which is here for a purpose, whatever that purpose may be. We are helpless to change it if we would, and we must comply to such conditions as nature has provided, and make the best of it, as we cannot get rid of ourselves by separating ourselves from the body. So we should care well for the bodies that they may not be impaired by abuse or neglect. Health is more valuable than gold or precious stones, and the strife for either, with the loss of health, is a great mistake. So study the art of having

good health first and let minor duties of life come afterward.

We hope to have able lectures on the care of health when we get other matters well under way. The young do not understand what is so important to their future well being and very few parents seem to be capable of doing their part in this line. Some are over prudent and make a hot house plant of a child. This is the other extreme, which is equally as injurious as too little caution. Sunlight and pure air give life and health to all living things of beauty and purity. All extremes should be avoided, either in mind or body. They are not good.

Edward Bellamy has just arrived in Denver, seeking health, in charge of his brother, who states that he is in too delicate health to be seen by his many friends and admirers at this time. His book, "Looking Backward," has given him a world wide reputation as a utopian thinker for the betterment of man's condition under collective efforts. Written in novel style, it was read by thousands who would never have read anything touching on socialism, based on scientific facts, but would fear contamination and dream of red-handed anarchy by day and night.

Bellamy has, no doubt, overworked his mind and neglected his health until he is a physical wreck. He has thought of all the good things that would make mankind happy in this life, with robust health, and has forgotten himself and lost his own in a race for fame. His pen pictures of what can be done are very happy thoughts. When he reaches out into the visionary realm of impossibilities, he shows plainly that he has not looked much into the practical side, or tusseled with man's selfish nature,

which is a constant barrier between him and what he might do for himself.

Should Mr. Bellamy have some of the trials of the Colorado Oo-operative Colony in trying to carry into effect the most moderate of his ideas, he would realize what a herculean task it would be to mold men into his thought, enough to understand the first principle and that is, HARMONY BETWEEN THEMSELVES.

The colony is drawing its strength from the middle class, all fairly educated and intelligent people, people of respectability in any community, really the best of people, measured by any moral standard; yet, one finds this narrow selfishness imbedded so firmly in many of them that harmony has a rough road to travel.

Theory and practice are yet far apart among men, and our old system must undergo a change of heart, such as the radical religionist would have us believe takes place, or something akin to it. To "love your neighbor as yourself" is so rar ea thing, if it ever existed, that very few cases are on record where it has existed during the lifetime of any two individuals. Difference of opinion will come up and the varying feeling of individuals, like the barometer, are affected by changes which make them different people on different days. We may say and do things to-day that we regret to-morrow, and so on all through our existence. The man or woman that is the same to-day, to-morrow and all days, during a life time is a marvel not known to man. He is a creature of nature with all the marks and scars of untold generations hanging about him. Like the actor on the stage, one may hold out at the best for a short period, but lower the curtain, the strain is realized, and he or she falls limp and lax as an ordinary being. The assumed character is only

for the time being. The trappings are cast aside, the gleaming eye is dull again and the voice is husky from overstrained tones that are not natural to the thorax

CHAPTER XIV.

In our colony work we have had some strange experiences and strange arguments brought up as to why it cannot succeed and why a man's strength should not be rewarded above his weaker brother; why the wise professionals should not have three times as much as expert mechanics, who have served as long to learn their trade. Others want to know how we are going to exclude speculators and keep people from selling out to them, with the individual ownership of land so that they will finally own a controlling interest and disrupt the whole plan. Another class wants to know how we will keep equality alive, or keep one class from getting rich while others will grow poor, how we will keep up the equilibrium between classes.

These are very important questions to solve and it is impossile to answer them with any certainty of correctness. Mental calculation has not coined the plan for us and if time and experience can make the development possible for our needs, we will be glad to accept and put it into use. Man is such a refractory animal and varies so much in his wants, needs and ambitions, that a general rule cannot be applied to him by which to make him happy.

If he finds he can get what he wants with little cost he becomes extravagant and wasteful. His ideas enlarge until this little planet is hardly large enough for him. He flaps his wings like a Spring butterfly, tasting the sweets in every land, buys baubles in foreign countries,

that he would not pick up in his own, as evidence that he has traveled abroad, and, that he may be known for his wisdom as well as his money, he jumps into politics. If he proves to be the biggest scoundrel he holds his own; if not he is peeled.

This particularly applies to the American mushroom that comes up in the night, made by the decay of honor, that starts a fungus growth in dirty places. If he is weak and wants to be honest and still be a politician for fame, he is very liable to soon find his fame and fortune have taken wings and departed. Not a word of sympathy comes from the filchers who make fools and paupers of willing tools. He sinks from sight to struggle for existence, as H. A. W. Tabor, who was flattered and fawned over while his money lasted, has done.

Tabor was painted and pasted on every street corner and he was pointed out everywhere as the famous owner of mines at Leadville, the Tabor block in Denver, Tabor opera houses in Denver and Leadville and the Tabor residence, occupying a full block of ground. He owned the La Veta terrace of fourteen nine-room houses. His old-fashioned first wife was too slow for his now brilliant career. A young and more dashing one was selected. The old one must be gotten rid of and this was no easy task, as she had been a faithful wife to him through all his trials of poverty, as a prospector who had seen the limit of his flour sack and bacon many times before he struck it rich; but he shook her and married his new selection.

Then, for glory, he must run for the United States senate. The legislature must be bought to put him there for the unexpired term of thirty days, which cost him one thousand dollars a day to purchase. This would appease

the vain glory of the man and his desire to be called Senator Tabor. The costly night gown extravagance is familiar to every Coloradoan. He became a borrower of money under this strain and it sounded his death knelll as the richest man in the state. His mines were insufficient in output to meet this heavy drain of wild extravagance. He went down! down! down! clinging to every projecting hope of mines in Mexico to save the fine property that was mortgaged, but all failed. He went from a fine four-horse equipage to an old century buggy and old white horse, not well groomed or fed, behind which rode Senator Tabor with few to see or speak to him as he passed down Sixteenth street, which his money had made to boom as the main business street of Denver, which it will be for all the years to come.

What an object lesson of folly to our young people who may have aspirations to become rich and seek glory. How much good he could have done in a colony like ours, and after old age came upon him he could have felt the grasp of friendship in every hand and could see welcome in every eye while the lamp of life burned for him, and when he was gone his name would have remained glorious.

The Salvation Army Colony will succeed with less trouble than any colony in the country; first, because they have a religious belief; second, because they have a head manager they must obey. The Press will encourage the movement and make it popular. It is a movement for the right no one can doubt, it matters not by whom it is made or under what auspices, to relieve the poor and give them a chance to do for themselves. This piecemeal charity is only spasmodic. It comes under strong sentiment and dies quickly until another tidal wave of extreme

distress makes another appeal. It only fills a temporary want and does no permanent good.

The only sensible article ever put in print by Dean Hart appears in the "Rocky Mountain News" for September 30th, 1899, making an appeal to the business men of Denver to meet at the Brown Hotel for the purpose of devising some means of assistance for the Booth Tucker Colony scheme in the Arkansas valley. He goes on to say that the country is in a transition state of the machine age, that is displacing hand labor to the extent that people are idle and on the verge of starvation in many places, and that people must go to the land

The Dean has blundered on the truth for once, in seeing the real situation, but he is unconscious that he is encouraging socialism in advocating the cause of these people, who need all the help they can get, from whatever source it may come.

The writer wrote to B. O. Flower, of the "Arena," on the subject of colonizing the poor on some of Uncle Sam's domains in the West, and giving them a chance to support themselves. Our proposed plan was to do it by a graduated tax on the people, commencing with those that had an income of three thousand dollars yearly and advance the percentage as the income increased, until it would shake the multi-millionaire pretty lively. They, being the cause of this extreme poverty, should be made to return some of it to support their victims. But Mr. Flower wrote me it would be impossible to do anything in the halls of Congress under the present high pressure of affairs. He said our plan was in the right direction.

I had been reading his investigations of the extreme poor in Boston, Philadelphia and New York, published in the "Arena" He had visited these hovels and sweat holes

in person, seen with his own eyes, and heard the sad story of these poor creatures who are dragging out a miserable existence between life and death. This, too in these proud cities where the rich pamper and pet some poodle dog as the idol of their love, and make plans how to spend their idle time at some watering place or attend some swell reception, which is as hollow of any good sense or feeling as their heads and hearts. If the compensating law of equal justice in creation is not possible here it is hoped that the future will give it force.

The high spired churches which bandy the name of Christ as their make-shift symbol of religion are as far from what he taught as the two poles of the Earth. He lived and mingled with the poor from birth. He had no good word for the money lender or rich man, unless he came as other people, not presuming on his wealth. This He plainly emphasized on many occasions. If He came to earth in disguise He would not be admitted to a pew in a fashionable church that pays its minister from five to twenty-five thousand dollars.

Talmage would climb up in the belfry to escape seeing such a lowly man as Christ was represented to be while He was on earth. His agility as a monkey climber would equal his monkey squeal in the pulpit, and he would cry pitifully to have the horrible being removed from his presence. Man, without a soul or brain or either is a pitiful sight to behold, yet thousands fawn over this poor, miserable make-shift of a man and pay him thousands in money to hear his silly chatter, but monkeys like to hear monkeys and they may understand what the man monkey means when others cannot. He has so many opposites in his make-up that you never know where to

find him. He builds up to-day and tears down to-morrow, a perfect Don Quixote.

CHAPTER XV.

THE NEW ERA CITY.

Mr. C. Caryl, a well meaning man, full of generous impulses, has launched out in handbills announcing his book which will soon be ready for distribution, setting forth his plans for an ideal building, and under its roof great wonders and charming results are to be worked out. This building, as we understand, is the central feature or foundation of the New Era that is to follow. We cannot tell until the book is out, but will then be able to judge of his plans.

Mr. Caryl is full of energy and good intent, but we fear he gets overwrought in cloud walking theory that will fall flat when he attempts to put it into practice. With the present selfish nature, he will find men mean enough to steal the foundation stones of the building he would provide for their good and protection, and turn him down if he makes any objection. His past experience with the New Mexican Colony does not seem to have a lasting effect upon his actions. He tells of the indifference he met in these people who were gathered there to teach a higher law to the young that they had in charge, in houses built and places made ready for them by some philanthropist, even gardens planted which they were too indolent to tend for their own use. Yet any one of these people, who never earned a pair of pants in his life, could talk by the hour or day on his pet theory, taken from some mystical writer.

The first thing to teach people is industry and self-

support and that nothing good can come to them without self-exertion. They will lapse back into degeneracy and become as trifling as the Red Man or African in his native country. Mr. Caryl will be wasting his well intended labor if he calls to his aid hair brained sky scrapers that are too good to live on earth and not fit to die. God don't want them and the Devil would not have them. They should be reincarnated about one hundred times and then would not have any too much sense to last them through one human life.

Then, Mr. Caryl will find the industrious blind pig, that will pile up in his corner more corn than he can eat while some one else may starve for all he cares. He is right up on co-operation if it comes his way, but, pull up on him and you have an enemy that is as treacherous as a Spaniard and he thinks you are the meanest man on earth if you keep him from taking that which does not belong to him.

Then, there is the indifferent co-operator who will come in and do what you tell him and do it well, just as if he were hired by some corporation, but he would not turn on his heel to save the colony money or trouble as long as he was not hired to do that business. If the colony succeeded, well and good, he would take his share of it, but you could not get him to see that it was his duty to push or pull for the colony whenever an opportunity was open. like a cog in a wheel, equalizing the strain, necessary to move the whole machinery with ease and harmony. He takes a passive part in making himself free and independent and you cannot inspire him to any higher motives than the ox in the yoke.

Just the opposite to this picture is the impatient,

driving, fretting co-operator who cannot wait. He wants to accomplish in a day that which would take a month, and if it is up hill and slow he gets discouraged and discourages all who are of his way of feeling when anything hard must be done.

The steady puller who has some judgment, and can see what is to be obtained by patience and perseverance, is the hoop that holds the cask together. He never gets rattled in the time of emergency and falls all to pieces or drops into a useless grease spot. Such put in double energy when it is needed, and such make the base and dome of the superstructure while the others fill in the wall material and are cemented together. All are necessary adjuncts to the building, but do not stand the pressure necessary to the keystone in the arch.

Since writing the above I have read Mr. Caryl's New Era paper on Union, giving his plan of procedure. He starts out by saying that plenty of idle money can be had at three per cent. and the plan is to borrow money for the project. He purposes to charge membevs six per cent. on mortgaged bonds to run twenty-five years, to be secured by capital stock.

The New Era, in addition to this, will issue first mortgage bonds, secured by a lien on all the assets, payable in gold in twenty-five years at six per cent. He then proposes a system of degrees of labor and wages; first degree, the common laborer, gets two dollars per day for eight hours work. This is very liberal in Mr. Caryl, but his liberality does not tend to equality or the elevation of this useful class that does the hardest work. His fourth degree, gives expert labor teachers, professional, six dol-

lars for the same number of hours His fifth degree, specially valuable services, such as superintendents, ten dollars for eight hours work. The seventh and last degree executive officers, twenty-five dollars per day for eight hours; creating or continuing the same old system of classes that builds up aristocracy and rotten ideas of superiority of one above another.

Is it my fault that I do not have the ability of my brother to grasp certain ideas? Is it my fault that I am not educated for the lack of opportunity, if my parents were poor and could not send me to college? Is it my fault if I was born in the slums of some great city, and was helpless to lift myself out of it, when I had the natural ability to be an expert in arts and sciences? I must be a hewer of wood, a drawer of water, and work for low wages, because I have no opportunity to rise above my born condition.

What is called a hit in life may change its entire course and place people of moderate ability in a position to ride on the highest wave of renown, that will carry their names into history. Others, with greater ability, not striking the popular chord by accident or otherwise, may never be known beyond a small circle of friends. It is oftener the chance in life that leads to a high position than natural ability. Influence may place a very dull person in the line of promotion and, being stimulated by surroundings, he will grow into knowledge, far in excess of his highest anticipations. This makes his services come so high in Mr. Caryl's estimation.

Utopia is a long way off from the poor devil in Mr. Caryl's plan of classes or degrees as he calls them. Measured by the difference between two dollars a day and twenty-five dollars a day, one must eat coarse food and

wear coarse and cheap apparel; the other can be a connoisseur and have the best of both. One can continue his progeny in his footsteps of luxury and position, through education and influence, while the other must fight a hard battle to rise above his poor condition.

Is it the intention of creation, or is it fatality that one must fight from the cradle to the grave? If so, we pity those born under the unlucky star. We can see plainly the intention of some thinge in nature, but we cannot see why the highest intelligence of all creation should be centered in man, and he be made so keen to his suffering and yet not be able to avert it by all his efforts against a condition he finds at his birth.

If this is the work of an all wise providence, wisdom looks one-sided to our vision and we fail to see much kindness in it, acknowledging our ignorance of all things from the great aggregation of wonders that come under our view and myriads that we cannot see even on this earth. We are lost in wondering how it all came about and we a part of it.

With the blind leading the blind, every scheme any visionary may project will find some one to beat the drum for recruits, and they will fall into ranks and follow the most shallow plan for the redemption of mankind, never looking to see what its followers teach, but shout and sing until the hair-brained fool that organized it, really thinks he is a savior, sent by some power to do the work, and he reaches out into such absurdities and violates all law and common decency until he is stopped by an indignant community or the heavy hand of some official. They, then take a more moderate position and continue to hold together as the Mormons and many other sects have done.

Persecution always unites these followers closer to-

gether. Tracing back the history of all religious sects, we find the foundation of the most flimsy material, when we get down to the bedrock of its first cause. The great ambition of man to have other men follow him in some way, prevails as a rule among men who do not like to labor. They think the world owes them a living and that they are born to lead and teach others having less brains, and they find them as the magnet attracts steel.

Colonies are afflicted with cloud walkers. They feed upon imagination until the earth sinks away from them as one feels when ascending in a balloon. They are inflated with gas and sail off in open space until the gas is all burned or freed, and then they fall back to earth with a thud and come to the realizing sense that they are human. Their plans were not founded on practical common sense. Hence this shyness about all colony plans, being uncertain of success. If you point out to them the balloon banks, railroads, factories, merchants, oil wells, mines, ship lines and canals, a succession of failures, they say: "Oh well, that is a matter of course, there must be failures."

Then you tell them of colony effort that has been crowned with success and really they never heard of it and seem to think you are stuffing them with chaff, for the purpose of leading them into some swindle, but let some shyster open a bank with a few rich men's names as its directors, it matters not how they got rich, these doubtful Thomases will flock to it, put their whole life gatherings on deposit for the bait of high interest and have no security whatever for all they have in the world. The bank is like the sweet put on fly paper for the fly. He sips certain death and falls, as do his fellows, none taking heed of the deceitful sign that lures them on to certain ruin.

You hardly meet one man out of ten in Denver that ever had anything, but what will tell you that he lost all the cash he had in the German National, Union National, American National, or some of the dozen savings banks that closed four years ago, all with abundance of assets above their liabilities, which are always given out by the officials. But the poor, foolish depositor sees but little of his all that is gone. If he gets ten per cent. he may thank his stars. A costly receiver is appointed. If he is honest his salary will eat up a large portion of the doubtful assets, in his long drawn out time, to settle up the affairs of a wreck of bad loans, made on poor security. Of late it is common usage to loan money to the officials, or rather loan it to themselves, on some moonshine security.

A notable case of kiting checks in a well known savings bank that collapsed, made food for the secular press. O. E. Miller, a dandy patent truss man, that wore corsets, painted his cheeks and taught Sunday School, kited the life out of this bank. He and the president and cashier went to the penitentiary for a brief term, but, being true blooded bankers, will have a new trial and get off free, as Judge Hallett did not allow them to do.

Decision has been reversed by some higher court and they will soon be ready for a new lot of victims in some other section of our large country. With solemn dignity, from the janitor to the president, all these employers appear, so that the common depositor feels impressed with superior presence, when he shoves his little wad into the window for deposit. With a feeling of safety he walks away, to find next morning a sign on the door: "Closed, in the hands of the bank commissioner." A cold chill runs up and down his spinal column. He seeks his little home to tell his wife he is a ruined man.

CHAPTER XVI.

The fourth annual election of the Colorado Co-operative Colony board took place at Pinon Camp, January 1st, 1898, and, as usual, the contest was close, and the result was satisfactory to the bone and sinew of the colony. C. E. Brooks, M. D. Bowen, C. H. Robinson, J. M. Snook, J. Milligan, W. F. Leibenburg, J. H. Bramier, J. M. Sage, and Mr. Franklin were elected. Mr. C. H. Robinson was elected chairman, J. M. Snook, secretary, Mrs. J. W. Barnes, treasurer, and F. C. Gibbs, general manager.

At this election the cumulative vote was used throughout, so no promise not to use it should be violated as at the annual election one year ago.

At this election there were three factions, the straight colony interest men, led by Brooks and Bowen, the sore backs, led by B. L. Smith and J. H. Bramier, the soreheads, who had no leader but wanted to down Brooks and Bowen, and voted with the opposition, but got defeated in their design. These last named fault finders of the management were held in contempt by B. L. Smith one year ago, and they complained bitterly that his oppressions against them were dishonest and all that was contemptible. Now they are licking his hand as their valiant leader.

Those reading this little history will wonder why this entire summersault in feeling should exist, so opposite to former alliance. The writer will state in full confidence of facts before him, that it is the inate selfishness in mankind that causes them to lean on the side that promises them the greatest amount of privileges, that will satisfy their desires. The principle involved in it cuts no figure. Anyone who has come in contact with those who feel the freedom granted them in a co-operative work, can see plainly that few understand what co-operation means, in

its true sense. Any law that pinches them is unjust, or any official that does not set law or custom aside for them is a tyrant and does not understand his business.

It is strange how unfair and bias the leanings will get when self is the Alpha and Omega. Each one of these little units that form the human family, should have a little globe born into existence with him, so he might float in space unmolested during his human life and have things his own way. How unjust the creation is in all its arrangements for the crawling worm, who should fly before its eyes are open and know nothing but pleasure and its own sweet will.

The oppressed becomes the oppressor, when you open the door for the exhibit of the smoldering fire within, ready to burst forth. All the inner cussedness comes to the surface. The meek citizen of competition becomes a roaring lion when he finds he is free in co-operation. He dares give his opinion without fear of losing his bread.

This class is more to be dreaded in the progress of co-operation than any sensible capitalist. They plant more seeds of dissention in colonies, with their everlasting fault finding with their superiors, than four good men can keep from growing. Like the senseless goose or poison snake, they hiss at all things, in and out of time, heedless of consequences to themselves or others. No argument can reach the brain of this new made man. He is like a mad bull in a china shop, full of distruction. If he finds he cannot win his way by bluster and destruction, he will turn skunk and get under your house and emit a smell that he hopes will drive you out of his way, but he oftener dies from his own odor. That is, he kills himself in order to destroy others in prosperity. He would rather be a mendicant and tool for others than to work with people of

his own class in co-operation, which would make him, with others, independent.

At this writing some twelve or more members have quit work for the colony and settled on small patches of land near the river bottom and are building a ditch to water this land. It is rumored that they have already got into a row and may have a lawsuit. They still hold their membership in the colony and are on hand to vote on every occasion to direct its affairs, and just as ready to waylay any investigator, who might become a member, and have drawn out temporarily, on account of bad management.

At the same time nearly all of them are trying to embarass the colony in every conceivable way, working all manner of schemes to pull out supplies. When they fail in this they threaten suit for funded water credits. Violating the agreement to help build a ditch, they want the faithful ones to pay them for their work, as they would a speculative corporation. If they were not void of manly principle, they would see their own interest and let the colony prosper and grow, so it could pay them for every hour they ever put in on its work, and in time it would gladly pay any one who is not satisfied. Malcontents are not desirable to any colony but should live under the old system of "dog eat dog," live if you can and die if you must.

The battle is on between capital and labor and has been for thirty years. Labor, in that time, has seen its strongest forts fall, now and then gaining a small local victory, but continually losing its vantage ground, until the iron heel of capital is now its master and dictator, yet poor, blind labor, cannot see its helpless situation, or see any remedy if it does see the real situation.

That self-arrogance, in rags, with an empty stomach, who dreams of accidental fortunes coming to him, is a tyrant if he has a chance to be. The fellows who think the world owes them a living, and they are going to have it, are filling our jails and penitentiaries so rapidly that all state authorities are at their trumps to know how to maintain them. Taxes are eating up those that will work, and have something that can be taxed. Labor organizations cry against penal labor productions, until each state will be forced to try some new method for its convicts. Each state or city institution is run by political vampires that are likewise eating idle bread, and are as vicious as the criminal they are guarding. These are living facts, that no man can deny.

The war with Spain may give a temporary relief to the overflow of labor, as it will take two hundred thousand of our young men into the army, and as many more to manufacture the needed equipment and fill places necessary for a war standard, while the speculator and corporations reap the harvest at home in safety from sickness or bullet. The bond dealer is full of smiles at his bright prospect of safe investment, of non-taxable bonds, backed by a nation of seventy-five million people, who must pay tribute in some form of taxation to meet this liability that will hang pall-like over them.

For several generations to come nothing but death can relieve the producer from the power of the bond holder. Freedom's wings are pinioned by dollars and cents. The ballot is a dead letter in the hands of the people and is no longer a bulwark against fraud and rascality in office. Justice is an idle dream of the past and the sign of the scales is a misnomer. The judiciary has lost cast and confidence. Any indifferent attorney can become a dis-

trict judge. It is understood that he is after the loaves and fishes, and no poor man can expect justice in contact with capital, no matter how strong his case may be. Court expenses and long delay makes him an unequal contestant in modern courts.

What is left for the poor man to hope for, if not co-operation, with his own class; this being his only chance to escape from dependence and want in old age. Why is he so easily turned into a demon against his only friend, who says: "Try me faithfully and I will lead you to prosperity?" The brotherhood of man cannot all be a hollow sound, or the world is deceitful from the beginning, and the survival of the fittest is true in all nature.

At this writing, May 30th, 1898, the Colorado Colony is in the most prosperous condition since formed, more people on the work, more paying members, less debt, a larger amount of work done in the year, better credit and better known as one of the leading colonies of the Union.

The time of the annual meeting is changed to July 8th, for a better season of the year to bring people together, good roads and green verdure as far as the eye can reach, save the snow capped mountains far above timber line, on the Continental Divide.

The colony is planning an excursion at that time, so that all members from a distance may visit the ground with their friends, as investigators, or to learn by personal observation, what has been done with their money. We are hopeful of a good crowd and some converts for home makers. We wish to make a permanent location for the future colony town, which may be known in history as Engleside, Home Industry, or Smithville, Snook's Hole,

Brookside, Hardscrabble, Kickersville, Bowensgrit, Scrappinville, Last Chance, Skunk's Resort, Wisdom, Egotist, Never-die, or the Old Cat. Who knows what it will be as it is all embriotic in our minds now. Some of these names might fit some conditions, ironically.

Whatever name the colony town may get is of no very great importance, but the town will be for many reasons, very important, and a good selection of a suitable locality will have much bearing on its life and usefulness as a colony. Health is the first consideration, good drainage and other sanitary conditions; next, a central and sightly location, with no ravines and streams running through it, which so many towns seem to be cursed with, causing trouble with storms, with overflow, and they are unsightly at best and of no advantage whatever.

The suggested plan formulated by the Denver Club, with C. E. Smith as chairman, plans for good wide streets, alleys uniform, and no jogs or seven point places running to all points of the compass and no place in particular.

Denver is a handsomely built city, starting as a village of the plains, with no certainty for the future. Its founders settled on the banks of Cherry Creek and Platte River and laid out the town to conform to the general course of these streams, North-west and South-east, South-west and North-east. The adjoining additions being East and West and North and South, make a fine jumble of confusing streets all around the old town.

The town will settle all colony interests and have seven-eights of the people settle there as their home place. All things possible should be done to make it attractive and homelike and not have it scattered over ten times as much space as is needed. We should commence and fill one block at a time, from the center, build houses on a

line, with some uniformity in size and style, at least in each block, if not all over the town. Much can be done for mutual comfort in a colony town, that could not be regulated or applied under the competitive custom of every fellow for himself, and coupled with political wire pulling in management of affairs, by office seekers. Few things are done as they should be, for the public good.

We hope no jobbery will ever creep into our town or colony affairs, such as is so common with the people now that no one can tell whether it is policy to own a house or not. This is not as it should be, and no remedy seems to present itself to the masses, who are groaning under the burden of taxation. The money god is supreme; bribery is bold and unlimited, public opinion is dulled by common practice and free usage of fraud.

We hope to see, in our declining years, one well regulated town where peace and quietude can be guaranteed every citizen, free from the ills that make life a burden in a thousand ways. The endurance of them makes ill natured people and affects the children born into such conditions. Baudyism is hardly tolerated among savages but is often found in the towns and cities of America.

Nothing is sacred from vandalism, not even a graveyard. Defaced monuments and over turned head stones are no uncommon sight even under eternal vigilance. Some graveyards have gone into corporation hands, which can charge for the care of the dead.

About nine people out of ten will allow their children the free run of anyone's house or yard, to do destruction in their absence. About the same number of grown men would rather turn a horse or cow loose to destroy a lawn or trees, than to save the sorrow it would give the owner.

All this is on the ground of selfishness, and is not punishable under law or custom of our land, or the punishment comes so high that they feel safe. One may keep a barking, biting dog that may keep another awake all night, or a stinking cow yard under his nose, or a squalling parrot on his porch. He stands on his rights to have any or all of these things on his own premises, and if one makes a mild complaint he makes an enemy.

There is no necessity of this if a town is headed by provisions in its charter, and controlled by men who are not place hunters or time servers for office emoluments. Colony towns certainly have some advantage over towns that are filled promiscuously by all sorts of humanity, which desire to enter its gates, without any restriction, and no man can dispute their right to a home if they are not criminals from justice. They are as free as the air they breathe.

The veriest scoundrel can assume the garb and polish of a gentlemen, enter into business and social circles and ply any game of deception he chooses, and, until he runs his game out, and swindles some one, no one is suspicious of his character. Not so with a colony town. No one can become a citizen or enter into any business without first becoming a member of the colony, and a colony can make its restrictions so rigid, for admitting anyone, that it will make it hard for disreputable characters to enter its gates. Some will doubtless find their way in, with all the safeguards that can be placed, but they will not find it so easy to ply their game as in towns that are free for all.

CHAPTER XVII.

October 15th, 1898.

This is three months after our excursion and annual

meeting. The excursion was all we anticipated in numbers and accomplishment for good for colony growth. All were more than pleased with the location and natural advantages, and after looking over the work accomplished by so small a number, all said it was well done.

The colony teams met us at Montrose, five in number, and a more jolly crowd never climbed into wagons for a rough ride, and camp life, than ours. A copy of Mrs. Harrington's article, giving a full description, and the names of all the party, was in the "Rocky Mountain News," of July 24th.

Our election of board, for the ensuing year, made nearly a clean sweep of the old board, to appease grumblers and effect harmony, if possible. In making this change, the colony lost two of its best directors on the board, M. D. Bowen and C. E. Brooks, and retained two of the old board, the most impractical and unscrupulous, J. H. Bramier and M. Franklin. I am thus plain in my statement of these men, that colony history may show, on its pages, when time reveals their acts so plain that no one can mistake them for good intents.

It is a great sorrow to all colony efforts that such selfish men find their way into their ranks, to work out selfish, damnable schemes and handicap all progress, causing double the work for the real friends and promoters to overcome, and why such men are sustained by a better thinking class, is beyond my comprehension. Again, the foolish enactment of our law makers, in creating the cumulative vote, to save the minority in corporations, has had its bad effect in our colony elections. It only aids the slum politician to hold a place he could not otherwise hold. We hope to see the colony rise above its use, and brand any member, who proposes using it, as an enemy of

the colony, who will not be tolerated or treated on terms of equality.

We are sorry to record that three factions still exist in our elections. E. G. Brown being the leader of the Independents at the last election, they failed in strength, dealing as they were with the float. Their move had one good effect, which caused the B. L. Smith faction to break from their firm standing of no compromise with the Brooks and Bowen element, which stood firm for the best interest of the colony. They could count their strength with certainty, while the others were wavering in the balance, tipping from side to side in uncertain quantity and quality, which was amusing, if not very disgusting. The desire for power makes strange companions.

After the election was over and order came out of chaos, an event took place which was not looked for. B. L. Smith turned to C. E. Brooks and said: "I wish to shake hands with Mr. Brooks, across the bloody chasm."

Hard feelings had existed between these two strong men for some time past, and this was the ending, also the renewing of good will between the four Smith brothers, all being members of the colony, Chas. E. Smith, Truman O. Smith and Irvin W. Smith, taking sides against Benjamin L. Smith, in the colony policy. Thus ended the annual election of 1898, and started on a better condition.

Our membership now numbers over four hundred, and new members are gradually coming in. Our outlook at this date seems propitions of success, though we still have some sand bars to remove, in the form of obstructionists. It takes eternal vigilance to meet all the inroads made on the colony crib by varmints of all shades of cunning, men so small that they could crawl through a knot hole to get what they wanted at the loss of the colony,

men so blind that they cannot see that they are injuring themselves by injuring the colony. On this ground they antagonize eyeryone who stands up for colony interest and with eagerness that would become a better cause.

Against these rodents is a majority of unselfish members which any colony might be proud of. These must suffer the pangs of poison arrows, shot at them from the end of a forked tongue, that has no regard for the truth. They are martyrs to the cause they love, and can stand this and not flinch from duty, and their names will stand the test of years to come, in colony history, when the liar and traitor is forgotten, or the name only used, as the name of Benedict Arnold i sin our Country's History, to show the depths of depravity to which one may sink for self-aggrandizement.

In this connection, I will mention that the Denver Club has universally come in for its share of censure, by this aforementioned class. If anything did not work to please their plans they were sure the Denver Club was defeating them through its influence over the board of directors. This had no foundation in facts, only when very extreme measures had to be taken to save the colony from disruption.

THE SPANISH WAR.

The war with Spain is "statu quo." Peace commissioners from both countries are in Paris, France, trying to settle differences under the protocol, which caused the clash of war to cease over a month ago. Poor, blind, brutal, old Spain, with her boast of honor, has fallen an easy prey, when she came in contact with the much despised American pig. Her so-called powerful navy fleets melted away like snow in April, under the well directed

fire of Uncle Sam's guns. Their impregnable forts were beaten down like brick kilns, their towns taken with little or no loss to the American army and navy. Their feeble resistance, from strong fortifications at Porto Rico and Manila, placed them below the Bushman savage. This fast-firing, long range gun, in the hands of as good a marksman as the American is, would have made great decimation in Spanish ranks.

Bombast and arrogance do not stand for bravery or skill when it comes to a contest of superiority with arms. In fact, it never wins and never should. The Latin nations are given to this sort of patriotism and are losing ground as time goes by. Love of country must be mated with love of justice and humanity or the spark will die in its own ashes.

France is the best of her kind, but is now trembling and no longer stands at the head of great and powerful nations. Her army is corrupt, her civil courts are a sham, her semi-republican government is only in name, little better than the Mexican Republic, that one man holds in his hand. The liberty of the nation, such as it is, is good by comparison with worse ones of the past under less liberal rulers than Diaz, who is a progressive man and is doing more for his people than all predecessors. Aside from blood, ignorance and religion, it has an equal chance with its neighbor, the greatest republic of the world, who stands at the head of all nations in all respects.

Mexico should expand by example, if not too blind to see the advantage she has. The day of wooden carts and plows of the crudest structure, must go first, then the saddle and sombrero hat, not the only evidence of personal property worth taxing.

Nations do not seem to rise much above the individual in matters of gain. The weak ones must submit to the power of the strong. For instance, Africa has been gobbled up by England, France, Germany, Portugal, Russia, and now China is being invaded and will lose all her power as a nation. Wonderful in numbers but not combatative in nature, she is weak in defence. India, likewise, great in resources and population, is ruled by the iron hand of England, and its inhabitants are the poorest of poor serfs of the earth.

We are told of an all-wise Father, who created all and rules all as in the hollow of his hand, yet we see these creatures of his own image and make, doing just as if Satan had them in the hollow of his hand and was their father, in fact. It is strange how long human nature will hold to the iniquities of religious superstition, and talk about a ruling providence saving one man's life, no better than the other who goes to death, or providence having anything to do with the rise or fall of a nation.

If an individual lives a fast, extravagant life, he is very likely to cause his own ruin. He violates the laws of health and the law of economy; by his mode of procedure, he creates enemies, who are ready to take any advantage of him, which may change his circumstances at a time that would cause his ruin.

A nation may do the same, only different in degree, and cause its own ruin; providence has nothing to do with it. Men act under impulse, whether it is for good or evil, and generally from selfish motives; providence does not seem to encourage good more than evil. The evil man seems to have as much of life's goods as any one, and Shakespeare says, he lives longer. "The good die early, the mean burn low in the socket."

The state election was held November 8th, 1898, and resulted in a victory for the people and bi-metalism, in the election of C. E. Thomas as governor, John C. Bell and John Shafroth to succeed themselves in their seats in the hall of representatives, both staunch silver men that will do justice for the people,

E. O. Wolcott, who has misrepresented our people in the senate of the United States, has heard the voice of an indignant people, at last, by snowing under his brother, Henry R. Wolcott, who aspired for governor under direction of his corrupt brother, E. O. Wolcott. Defeat, at this age of American corruption, does not put shame upon the defeated, that has any lasting effect. The money god comes from under the darkest cloud, with smiling face to do battle for power. Shame, or any thought of who suffers, never enters the domain of this sweeping, grasping octopus.

As fast as old Father Time clears the earth of one set, another comes, made stronger by the blind teachings of the past generations, that money is their god.

Denver and Colorado have just passed through a siege of religious hypocracy, under one Dwight L. Moody, a man that might have done some good in the world as a farmer or blacksmith, with his strong physical body, but he chooses to live on the labor of others, by playing on the ignorance and superstition of people who are foolish enough to spend their time listening to his old, threadbare, sensational stories about conversion of sinners to God, as he calls it, while he rakes in the dollars which are his real god. He lives in fine hotels, dresses well, and has the adoration of soft headed men and foolish woman, who can be carried away with such trash as he feeds to them and they become as putty in his hands.

The debt-ridden, fine churches want him to draw money out of the debt-ridden poor, to pay for their wild extravagance, in great structures that Christ would feel out of place in, if the man was as humble and meek as his history would indicate. Yet you will hear his name repeated and hallowed in reverential terms, in these glittering places of hollow worship, as though he had taught rascality as one of the saving ordinances, necessary to reach heaven and be a saint. It makes a thinking man or woman weary of his kind to see the foolish inconsistency and swindling hypocrisy of the so-called followers of Christ. The vicarious atonement idea of waiting until the last breath is about gone and think that calling on Christ to save them is possible, after living a mean life.

The passage of the old Icarian Communistic Colony into individualism is on record as an event to be deplored, after having lived fifty years. Its affairs were wound up on October 28th, 1898, having been founded by Etienne Cabot, of France, a philanthropist and social writer, who saw and felt deeply, the wrongs of the poor in his own country, but was not permitted to found a home for them in his own country, so came to free America, first settling in Texas, then went to New Orleane, in Louisiana, where they were joined by a larger number, and learned of the Mormon expulsion from Nauvoo, Illinois.

They bought the Mormon's buildings and secured from the legislature of Illinois, a charter granting certain special privileges and immunities. About two thousand French socialists joined them, Cabot at their head. He was practically their dictator and had absolute power in all things, relating to the conducting of the community, and so long as left in his charge, all went well and the

community grew and prospered and there was peace and plenty.

It is said that Yankee influence made inroads upon this well-to-do people, through their example in money making, showing to the younger generation, the advantages of gaining, as individuals, large tracts of land, with the possibility of enhancement, and making the owner rich, while the communist stood still so far as individualism went.

This fact bred dissatisfaction and discontent and caused a schism that grew. The control of the founder, who was not seeking riches for the few and loss for the many, was set aside, as the grasping influence grew among the members. He had seen the danger and desired to avoid it by moving from Nauvoo to what was then an interior country of Iowa, from danger. But this was only a temporary good. The thrifty West, of new, rich land soon filled up and his colony was again surrounded by the money gainer of competition, who wants large possessions, or none.

The wild dreams of riches and influence are a part of young American inheritance. The poorest farmer's or merchant's son has a high hope of this bauble that dances in his mind as the highest of all attainment on earth, and next to the orthodox heaven, with its gold paved streets.

The day of slow-coaches is past. Rapid fortunes must come or go with high tide, or be carried back by the undertow to oblivion. It seems strange that so few are satisfied with the mean or middle position in life, that gives them all the necessities and much solid pleasure in life. The fleeting show of the short time on which we may reckon, is so brief and so mixed with uncertainty that it is like a bauble on the sea—beautiful, but frail.

CHAPTER XVIII.

December 6th, 1898.

On December 1st, we have to record the first sad and serious accident in the four years of the colony life. All had been attending the fourth anniversary of our coming to our present location, few in numbers, four years ago. Our central camp at Pinon was crowded to its full capacity with those who wished to witness performances and partake of the feast, prepared for the occasion.

All went well and happily and all had returned to their respective places of duty. The saw mill crew fired up for a renewal of that big task of flume lumber, yet before it.

All at once something was discovered wrong, by some sound given off or other indications to the sight. Mr. Charles Hirsh, foreman, Mr. C. C. Dunn, sawyer, Mr. Ed. Whitney, engineer, and Mr. Miner Dunn, setter, were examining things to discover the cause.

Mr. Hirsh thought of some other duty and left the others of more experience to fathom the mystery and saved his life, for only fifteen seconds passed before the boiler explosion took place. Mr. Whitney being blown into the air and falling sixty feet away; Miner Dunn was pulled out from under the debris; C. C. Dunn, his father, was badly scalded and his eyes were injured, but it is thought he will recover. The others only lived a few moments, unconscious of what had taken place.

The cause of this calamity has not at this writing been ascertained and may never be fully known. Personal opinions will not make facts, as the daily explosion of

boilers in some portions of the world under the most mystifying circumstances, lead one to believe that science has not yet discovered the secret that lurks around every steam boiler in the world. All reasonable causes are understood by any one acquainted with the common principles of steam for explosion and non-explosion of the ordinary kind.

The colony will feel the loss of these unfortunate members that were called so suddenly from the band of workers. Young Mr. Dunn was a quiet, hard worker and a worthy young man, who will never be forgotten in the colony history. Mr. Whitney was entirely his opposite, a nervous, quick-tempered man, who made life hard for himself and others about him, but had his good qualities and his friends. He leaves a wife and two children to mourn his loss. Mr. C. C. Dunn who was scalded and whose eyes were injured, came to us from St Paul, Minn. He is an experienced machinist and mill-man of many years' standing. He will miss his son, Miner, greatly, as they had lived and worked together in confidence and harmony many years, and the father will have the full sympathy of the whole colony; while the mother of young Dunn will feel his loss even more than the father.

The inquiry is often made: "How will it affect the colony?" As deplorable as it is, the colony will go on as before. It can sustain the small financial loss that comes and not be embarrassed to any harmful degree. We are too large and our interests too great to let any ordinary loss stop our operations.

The new sixty horse boiler will soon be in place and the large saw mill will take the place of the small one, and the capacity will be doubled for the production of lumber and flume purposes.

December 26th, 1898.

The nursery club is being organized out of the colony members, for the purpose of economy and to get pure stock for our orchards. This is an important move that all members should feel much interested in and assist all they can, as we shall aim to have one of the best fruit districts in the State. We have the land, water and climate to justify such a hope. If we succeed (and we see no reason why we shall not) it will be a part of the colony machinery that will bring an income, after it is turned over for colony profits and fully in its control.

At a recent board meeting, Mr. P. B. Hirsh was appointed editor of "The Altrurian;" the issue of December 14th, 1898, being the first one under his control, and we all look forward to better things, and a solid improvement in the paper that will continue to lift it onto a higher plane, step by step, until it may reach a standard among socialistic papers, second to none in its advocacy of justice between man and man.

Leaving the field of pessimistic theory for that of practical co-operation, taking all the good points and casting away the chaff of all in fhe pursuit of independence and freedom, let us have the manhood to respect the views of others, differing from us in modes of reaching the same object.

Time will prove whether our method is the successful one or not; that is, the one that will meet human necessity and give the best satisfaction to the greatest number. As a colony, we have shaped our laws to fit conditions. If conditions change, we will feel justified in changing our laws to meet them again. We have seen failures under iron clad intentions to make conditions to suit theories. This is a hardship to those who attempt it and generally results in failure.

June 2nd, 1899.

Yesterday, June 1st, 1899, the formal transfer of Cuba to the United States Government, took place according to the agreement made at Paris, France, between the United States commissioners and those of Spain, a short time ago. The Spanish flags were taken down from all public places, including the palace or governor's quarters, and the American flags hoisted in their places. This ends Spain's colonial possessions on this side of the ocean, which she has held for four hundred years, and ruled with an iron hand that has caused her subjects to rebel time and again, but always being too weak to gain their liberty.

By nature the Spaniards are tyrants and as cruel as the most barbarous savages. They are not a brave people or they would not be so cruel. Their high sense of honor in some things seems so inconsistent, that one takes it as a thin coating to cover a nauseous pill of deception. They never were entitled to rank among civilized nations. They are paying the penalty of long deserved punishment. They are financially bankrupt, with a disrupted government that may explode like a volcano, on them at any time. They are reaping what they have sown, in sack cloth and ashes.

The McKinley government has made an aggressive move in expansion of territory East and West and has its hands full to pacify the Philippinos with promises of a new and better government. They want an independent government and deny the right of Spain to sell them into new ownership of the United States government at any price, and at this date it seems quite evident that a clash of arms must soon come. Aguinaldo is a wily leader. It may cause much trouble to suppress he and his followers

in their own country. They feel enthused over their recent victory over the Spaniards, but will find a much different enemy in the American when it comes to a contest. This they do not seem to understand.

February 6th, 1899.

The clash has come and the Philippinos have suffered a signal defeat at a great loss of killed and wounded and prisoners, cannon, guns and ammunition. Town after town has been taken around Manila with only a small loss of life and a few wounded on the part of the American soldiers. The long delay in signing the treaty between United States and Spain, on account of the Philippines, gave them courage and caused them to make a break.

They have imbibed much of the Spaniard's bombast about liberty, honor and dying for country, but make a poor defence when it comes to a test of zeal and bravery. The impetuosity of the American soldier takes them by surprise, their hearts fail them and their legs carry them away from danger. Guerilla warfare is their only hope of prolonging their hopeless effort.

They are a mongrel race of savages, unequal in every respect to the Anglo-Saxon race, but having some very good qualities and being somewhat advanced in civilization. Their educated leaders seem well up in many directions, but far inferior in that which makes a true man and patriot, such as they boast of, and they could not maintain a staple government one decade.

The unequal task of fighting a country of seventy-five millions population, which is able to maintain a warfare at almost any expense, with all the best improved arms on land and ocean, handled by the best marksmen in the world with no exceptions, would seem as futile as try-

ing to stop the ebb and flow of the tide on the ocean beach. Ignorance on the part of the masses and fool-hardy pride of their leaders to show their skill and bravery, makes the conflict possible, until they are taught a severe lesson by being beaten.

CHAPTER XIX.

Again the colony is at a boiling point; the scum is on top and is slopping over, putting out the fire that has made the steam to push the piston rod and move the machinery. This comes about once a year ever since the ditch has been under construction, and always in the time of year most propitious for rapid work.

We are now in the Spring month, March 12th, and our management is in a tangle to provide means and ways to feed man and beast. The managers employ more time in finding fault with each other than in doing the needed work of the colony. What will be the end of this narrow, selfish work, no man is yet able to see.

One Isaac Tarkoff, a Russian Jew, has been empowered by the board to act in any way he deems expedient to conduct colony affairs and at this date, March 21st, he is in this city (Denver) hobnobbing with all the weaklings in our membership, to get their support of his policy, If he has a practical one to pursue, he has not yet made it known as anything new. He has cheek becoming his persistent race, and a good opinion of himself. On the ground of operation he has a sore-head majority. They are, as a rule, with a few exceptions, persons that have been asking special favors for themselves and when not able to obtain them, have denounced all who barred their way, irrespective of right or justice.

This class has been the bane to contend with, destroying harmony and constantly causing wrangling over small things, and losing sight of the main object that is to be obtained by cohesion. They are ready to follow anyone who will bend to their selfish wishes, and denounce anyone who bars their way to do as they please with joint property. This has grown out of the opinion that it is legitimate to rob the government under which we live. It has long been practiced and is growing in corruption. The present investigation of the beef scandal and the screening of the leading officials, who receive large salaries and are not satisfied, but must go in collusion to rob their own fathers, is but a form of this.

This is our national depravity and our colony's sorrow, as it is poor and struggling against public opinion as to the feasibility of co-operation; in other words, reconciling the differences of opinion between members of such an organization.

This is the only barrier to the grand success of co-operation. The principle is a correct one and has proven such in the older countries, where people by oppression, learned the necessity of communal unity for self protection. The vaunted freedom of an American, which once had a meaning, is being shorn until the word has no meaning; but ignorance is still dancing as they suppose, under the shade of liberty and it is only the shadow of serfdom which is coming that will grow strong while they sleep in supposed security.

When capital shuts all the doors of single enterprise and forces wages down, and the necessities of life up, where is your freedom? It will only be a by-word to the coming generations, that will struggle in the meshes that are now being woven, as the helpless fly in the spider's

web. Then, and then only, will you see the mistake of abusing your brother, who is trying to do you good.

At a very unpropitious time, March 20th, 1899, seven of the oldest and best workers were discharged from the work. Three of them were members of the board, and one the president, namely: Geo. B. Ruggles, Edward Sandry and T. O. Smith (president). The others are: M. D. Bowen, who was on the ditch for three years as foreman, E. C. Brooks, commissary, William Liebenburg, late general manager, and I. W. Smith. These old wheel horses have been keeping the vampires in check and have differed with the management, on general principles, and with the civil engineer.

Mr. Winters changed the grade of ditch, contrary to general rules on ditches, and they protested against his methods, believing that it was time lost to follow his stakes; but, having established houses at Pinon and having all they had in the world there, they pleaded to be allowed to work together and appoint their own foreman. But the newly appointed general manager told them that he would "scatter them to hell first."

This same man, working under M. D. Bowen, as a foreman on the ditch, was as much opposed to the change of survey as anyone. His name is C. C. Langford. Long may the colony remember the man who turned like a weathercock, against his own opinions, for a petty position.

It is said that the mills of God grind slowly, but exceeding fine. The grist is now in the colony hopper and the bran and second grade flour must be separateed from the XXX flour, which is the commercial pure article that bears transportation and inspection, the world over, and as the clock hand of time points out the true friends of the colony, the above named, discharged members will

stand in the same relation to our people in history as do our fathers of the revolution who, in many cases, were condemned by loyal Tories that did not have the nerve to be free men. They could better act as spies and stand unjust taxation. Man's inhumanity to man is the most deplorable quality in his composition. It goes deep into depravity and low groveling to injure the finer feelings and has a tendency to make good and noble people revengeful and finally dishonest and uncharitable. It destroys confidence, causes distrust in all human nature, cuts all ties of affection, sets brother against brother, and each teaches gold as the only and true friend. Hence we see worshippers of the golden calf increasing and brotherly love diminishing. The rippling waves of the stone, cast into the still water, stir up the impurities that poison.

At this date, April 14th, 1899, Mr. Brooks writes that the little rebellious minority have taken shelter on some farming land below Pinon, on the San Miguel River, and are planting garden and expect to put in crops to sustain themselves as best they can until the colony ditch is on the park. This minority represents some six thousands in credits, on the colony books, for money paid in and work performed. This entitles them to water and all the privileges and benefits of any member, which cannot be taken from them, only by some future made creditor of their will or necessity.

A large number of the Denver Club are in sympathy with these badly treated members and in good time will see that they are reinstated, as they should be, as worthy members. The Denver Club has been from the beginning the backbone of the colony. More members have been recruited, more money sent in for all purposes, than from all other clubs put together. Its meetings have been con-

stant from the start, never lagging for anything, and it has some claims above the ordinary, to be heard in the colony councils, above a dictator that assumes so much in comparison to those that have been pioneers in the movement, always standing in the fore for colony interest, through good and bad report, giving their time and money when cold shadows hung over the weak life of a child born in poverty.

But the cold blooded ingrate cares not who planted the tree which bore fruit that sustained him. He has no thanks and would not grant justice to the founders, to say anything of a word of praise. He would rather accuse them of selfish design and downright dishonesty of purpose. The Denver Club has felt this for several years but never paid any attention to it, knowing there were noble exceptions, that did fully appreciate its motives.

The principals in this club, in governing its actions and paying its expenses, are, C. E. Smith and wife, Geo. E. Wright and wife, D. Q. Charles and wife, Mr. and Mrs. Gove, Mr. and Mrs. Ross Pfifer, Diel, Bennie and the writer, E. L. Gallatin, and many others that were not regular attendants, coming when they could to pay dues and get the news and colony paper. No. 309, Charles Block has been our meeting place for several years. It is the men's pioneer place of meeting, and pictures of Colorado's first settlers, men and women, who blazed the way for the great state, adorn the walls.

These pioneers have their good times in yearly banquets, picnics and dances. Tonight, April 15th, 1899, they have a dance and an old-timer, eighty years of age, plays the violin for them. They have their charity fund. All did not make the fortune that brought them to the gold fields. Misfortune has its pets, as well as the bloated

millionaire. When the last rites of their lives are to be performed, the old ones turn out. One by one, they are dropping out and before another decade slides around, there will be few to tell the tale of whacking mules or oxen across the plains, and fighting Indians.

CHAPTER XX.

August 26th, 1899.

Our annual meeting and election took place at Pinon, July 20th, 1899, and we elected J. H. Bramier, James Cooper, D. Q. Charles, Geo. Douglass, J. H. Gabriel, T. C. Gibbs, Chas. M. Hirsh, Wm. F. Liebenburg, A. C. Snyder, as members of the board of directors for the ensuing year.

Taking all things into consideration, it was a very satisfactory election. New blood of better grade came in the place of some unscrupulous ones and some incompetents of the old board, who were playing into the hands of the little Jew, who made his boast that he had proxies in his possession to elect his choice on the board, but it seems he was counting without his host, or bluffing.

I will say, without fear of contradiction, that this man, Tarkoff, has done more harm and given the colony more discredit than he ever did it good, in the way of systematizing the management. This would have come, as it has been urged from the first by those that knew the importance, but could not be on the ground to put it into effect, and we are glad that Mr. Tarkoff was so situated that he could, and we are glad to give him credit for any and all the good he has done for the colony, but we contend that he did not use good judgment in so many other

directions that he inflicted upon us an odium that it will take years to outlive.

First of all, he made the colony paper a sewer to carry all the spite of his nature against all those who did not agree with his purposed business propositions. He cast slurs on all the old members, who told him about former mistakes in the new self-supporting enterprise. In one instance, he said through the paper, that certain old members on the board did not have capacity to run a peanut stand and when they asked for space to reply, they were refused. He has taken every cowardly chance to impune the motives of all persons that would not train in his harness. What he dared not say in the paper, he had his smooth secretary, Franklin, write, throwing out insinuations of a conspiracy being formed by a certain few, to bond the colony for the purpose of personal gain, and made bold, by having full control of a brutish majority and having assured support from the outside.

This narrow egotist thought it was time to punish his enemies. He had their hands tied and they could not retort or reach the stockholder he had fixed, at colony expense, to see his greatness. His mud was too thick for some. They are his enemies and it disgusted them. He has caused a general distrust, with a majority of the stockholders.

We find at this time, on our books, one hundred and twenty-five deliniquent members; some who have paid only the first payment and running up to eighty dollars. A larger number are offering their stock for sale now than ever before in our history. We have less money coming now in proportion to the number of members. This is a pointer that shows plainly on the dial, of distrust which this man has brought upon us. Yet, he has the cheek to

tell us that he found the colony almost at starvation's door, on March 1st, 1899, while, in fact, there was more money being collected in Denver, by C. E. Smith. than is being obtained now from all outside collections. He does not give the real situation as it existed.

The boiler explosion took place December 1st, and a new boiler had to be bought, and other incidental expenses met because of the death of two members and the wounding of the third one, which added to the total indebtedness and made it seem large to the board. They were using the strictest economy to reduce this liability, in all directions, from the time of this sad accident up to the time this wonderful financier took the poor colony under his wing and saved the lives of both man and beast, by borrowing eighty dollars from a new member, Mr. McDonald. He bought a carload of feed for the horses and still had the eighty dollars in his pocket, then bought supplies for the men and still had all of the borrowed money left. This is spoken of in President Kister's address, at the annual election in July, in the light of praise for this Moses, with his power to bring something out of nothing for a much suffering people.

One would infer from his and his confrere's statements that the colony had struck a stump and smashed its credit into nothing. This is false, which I stand ready to prove. So far as the Denver houses, which are the largest of their kind in the state, are concerned, our bills had always been paid on time, with all the houses we dealt with, seven in number. This, Mr. C. E. Smith, the Denver purchasing agent, can prove by the duplicate receipts in his hands at this time.

In this connection, I will say that after the appointment of the finance committee, placing full power in the

hands of its chairman, Mr. Tarkoff, Mr. Smith felt it his duty to inform the firm, with which he was dealing for the colony, of the change of policy to one-man power, as he did not wish to be held responsible for all the goods they might see fit to order, and they could use their own discretion in filling any bills in the future. He did this for his own protection, as he is in the government service and is held amenable to their rules in his conduct with his fellow man, to that extent that he might be discharged on any complaint of dishonorable connection or unpaid debts of his own. He had the sanction of his best friends who belong to the colony, in this city, for his action.

He did not do this to injure the colony credit, which he had done so much to build up. Far from it! Anyone who knows his deep and unselfish interest in the colony, from its incipiency to the present time, would not accuse him of tearing down its credit, if they had honest motives, which Tarkoff in his wild delirium did do. His thought was to tear down all opposition to his plans, it mattered not who suffered. The past work of all the old members was as trash in his estimation and should be swept aside into the dump and forgotten forever and the new redeemer worshipped, though he had made three failures in his own business, but, like all of his kind, he saved a pittance for himself out of the wreck, and, at his Father's call, came to save us and we hope He will have better use for him in some other garden, since he got turned down by the new board, as chairman of the finance committee.

We hope this is the turning point for a better government than we have ever had. Tarkoff is the third deposed would-be leader who has undertaken to run things and made a signal failure, and it is about time that the most obtuse should get their eyes open to such at-

tempts and place good men on the board, who have some practical business qualifications and have no political ax to grind at colony cost nor any selfish motive to serve. We have such men in our ranks and have some of them on the present board and we will see changes in the conduct of our affairs never suggested by I. Tarkoff or Moses Franklin, much less put into effect by them in their reign of terror, which has put us in discredit.

I cannot be mistaken in my assertion on this point. I will not say that I am not prejudiced against these men, or any man of their nationality. It would be false if I did, and I firmly believe any upright thinking man or woman feels as I do about them, but, for policy, will not assert their innermost opinions and feelings about this tricky, money-making race, which is sewing seeds that are coming up by millions all over the world, causing trusts and syndicates to grow, causing labor to be dishonorable and our young to believe that gold is god, instead of character and knowledge. "Gain wealth!" is the cry on every side. It sufficices for all other gains in life; it brings friends; it makes one superior to other people in the eyes of this cormorant, that flaunts his dollars on every occasion when estimates of men are counted.

The Jew is a stranger to shame. He disdains labor in the sense of production. The upper class are merchants and owners of factories and employ laborers, but grind them down to a mere existence and pile up the profits on their labor until the poor man is too old to work and his children take his place in slavery. They are non-producers by their own labor and set a bad example to the world. If they are God's chosen people, we are of the opinion that He must have been of Jewish origin, or he would

have had better taste and judgment than to select such cattle, ill shaped in body and rotten in disposition.

The colony outlook, at this writing, is much better than it has been for months, and may be the turning point for a more successful policy to be inaugurated.

The first full board meeting was held at Pinon, August 21st, and some radical changes were made, giving the general manager more power than has ever been accorded any previous one and it is to be hoped that it will solve some of the difficulties that have hampered us in the past, such as appeals to the board on small grievances of members, which have kept the partisan flame burning where it should have been snuffed out. The board is to meet quarterly in its regular sessions. These are two steps in the right direction.

A called meeting is decided to be held in Denver on the 29th of September, to have some essential changes made in the by-laws, by the stockholders, and it will be a stockholder's meeting. We hope to see the good old ship put in trim so as to sail out of all danger of striking a sand bar. We have some good pilots now, who, if sustained, will see us safe through. Our crew is somewhat discouraged, but may take new courage when things are put to rights, and the leaks all stopped. They are tired of pumping to save colony life. It is getting to be an old story, too oft' told, that we are nearing the promised land, and yet so far from it, when we count the miles of ditch yet to be made.

Our first law suit took place in Denver, July 7, 1899, before Judge Johnson, one of the district courts, to test the validity of holding the annual meeting in Denver, instead of Pinon, in accordance with section six, of articles

of incorporation, which read as follows: "The principal office of the company within said state of Colorado, shall be located in the city of Denver. Other offices may be established elsewhere, where the company may have interests, as may be provided by the by-laws."

A request to the board had been made in writing by twelve members to call the meeting here, but they positively refused the request. The next move was to mandamus them to bring the meeting to Denver, and notice of this was sent by J. Warner Mills, attorney for the complainants, Geo. E. Wright, Geo. E. Ruggles, C. E. Smith and others. This prompted the board of directors to appoint B. L. Smith, E. G Brown and I. Tarkoff as commissioners, with full power to act for them in defending the removal of the meetings from Pinon, or any of the colony officials.

These commissioners rented rooms for headquarters, wrote notes to all Denver members to call and confer with them, except those more directly interested in the suit. They employed M. B. Carpenter, a man of shady reputation, as their attorney. The Denver people treated these people cordially, called a meeting at Mr. Hoyer's house to confer with them on the different points at issue and there was a friendly exchange of opinion. E. G. Brown, as speaker, said they had come to fight us on this case to the bitter end.

The suit came off as set on the docket, and was put upon the basis of law alone by Mr. Mills, no testimony being taken on either side. Yet, one Martin Locker, a fire-eating socialist, insisted upon making a statement to the court and was waved down twice and told to take his seat, and if the court wanted to hear from him he would be called on.

This irrepressible individual cut some figure in the Chicago riot, inaugurated by anarchists some years ago, when several were condemned and hung and several imprisoned for the part they took. Locker acted as a second for Tarkoff, in trying to bring the Denver club under his rule, where he was first appointed as chairman of the finance farce and made his first costly trip on colony business, bought rotten hams at a discount and started that famous bank account at the First National Bank of Denver, made his speech, and said at the beginning, that he was wound up for one year, but, two hours unwound his main spring and the wheels refused to turn. He did get a small coterie of followers in Denver, under his great promises and new plans to make the colony self-sustaining and carry on the work on a larger scale than ever before. At least one hundred and fifty men would be employed, more than doubling the force of sixty, at that time.

Six months of time has passed and we have some thirty-two or thirty-five, instead of one hundred and fifty. His harness shop and feed store at Naturita proved a losing investment, and had to be closed. His forty thousand fruit box contract, then in sight, went down to twenty-five thousand and will prove, like the others, a losing investment, but they said: "Let him try his plans; let us see first before we condemn them." This came from wage earners that had not a dollar or dime they could afford to lose.

The opposition came from members who were in better circumstances, some of them owning their own homes or getting good salaries. They saw the impracticability of his plans and told him so, but they were fools in the eyes of this wise man, who had "carte blanche" to do as he pleased with our money or assets. We could do no-

thing but protest, and have the colony paper call us bond fiends, fakes and blood suckers, sitting in cushioned chairs in our offices, ready to wreck the whole enterprise and leave poor families to starve, that we had been instrumental in bringing West with a hope of a home.

We had to stand these falsehoods going out to distant members, through the paper we were paying for, our part in the cost of water. It cost a loss of eight hundred dollars last year. A throttled press was ours. We thought at one time, of starting a paper of our own and sending it free to places where it would do the most good. The first communication for months, appeared from the writer August 23rd, 1899, Vol. 5, No. 47, a letter to F. C. Tawney, editor of "The Altrurian." It was a surprise to me, as it was left to his own discretion, but, suppose he wanted a chance to hit back, in his comments in the same issue. Some who know him think that he is not capable of writing what appears as his, which is made of twirling, meaningless words, to make false assertions, that some one has put into his head.

I have written in reply and time will tell whether it comes to light or not The purring of a cat, or the crowing of a rooster, has about as much intelligent meaning as much that he has put in the paper for months past. Oh! so flat, with attempts at sarcasm.

Dropping the little Jew and his satellites, I will take up the mandamus suit again. Judge Johnson acknowledged that the law was clear on the subject of bringing the meeting to Denver, but, to let the colony settle its own affairs and cast the responsibility off of his own shoulders, as to where it should meet in the future, our people thought it best not to appeal to a higher court, and so the matter was dropped.

The writer never felt much enthusiasm in the matter, as law suits are not his idea of justice or satisfactory settlement of anything, and on his owaccount he has carefully avoided them. But it was thought best to make an aggressive move to checkmate matters on the ground of operation.

Things looked shady for a turn of management before it would be eternally too late, and the annual election was the only hope. The future hinged upon the election of a board that had something to say in colony interest, not sit like so many puppets to be pulled by the leading showman into service of acquiescence. To hold the meeting in Pinon would give them the vantage ground; to bring it to Denver would break up their caucus unit and give the advantage to Denver. This was one of the strategic points to be gained by the change.

Another point in view was to move as far as possible the main officials away from the ground of operation, so that personal appeals could not be made to them, that they might act more independent of any clique to influence them in their special favor to give the general manager more power to act in his capacity. unhampered by the board, or chairman of finance committee, as in the past six months he has been by the last named; also to have fewer board meetings, cutting the expense in that direction to the lowest possible figure. These are some of the objects in bringing the meeting to Denver. There never was any intent on the part of the leading members to get it here for any tyranical or illogical purpose. I know this from intimate associations with the people from the beginning of my membership up to the present moment, covering over four years of time that we have worked together to build up the colony.

It was born here, and all its sustenance came from here, and all club branches were brought into life from here and nurtured by information given from here. We had no paid secretary for eighteen months and no constant acting one for eighteen months more, and it devolved upon C. E. Smith and myself to do the main part of the corresponding. Does any reasonable person for one moment suppose that we are going to stand mute and idle and see some adventurer come in and pull to pieces all we have built up and not make the best fight we can to save it? We have stood shoulder to shoulder and fought back all comers who have attempted to usurp more power than they were entitled to hold, and use it to the detriment of the colony.

It is for this, the files of our colony paper for the past six months will show the ill-will and enmity of the would-be ruler, against the Denver people whom he cannot rule. Nothing is too mean to say about them. His purpose seems to be to drive them into submission or drive them out of the colony and clear the way for his rule; but the stubborn tenacity of some of our members has held the club together in spite of his efforts to break it up through his second, Martin Locker.

While we feel proud of the majority that could see our danger and stood like a wall, we feel sorry for the weak vascillating members who took a stand against us, not manly and outspoken, but sneakingly. Some such greatly surprised me, for we had a higher standard in our estimate of them, but we never know some people until we summer and winter with them, and go through some crucible test that finds the pure metal in them. They now feel ashamed, judging from their absence from the club meeting, since some of them went to the annual

meeting and saw their leader overthrown so emphatically that there could not be any mistake about the intent of the snub he got, where he expected applause. Some people need to have a house fall on them to make them take a hint of what may happen to them.

CHAPTER XXI.

Our colony is making some sad history. Mr. Kister made the address, as president of the board at the annual meeting, and it was found in No. 47, August 23rd, of "The Altrurian." In the same issue you may read the account of his death by suicide, on the 13th of August. He shot himself. The poor man must have had some deep trouble or an unsettled mind to cause him to commit such a rash act. It is very hard to judge of his feelings. Evidently the man's mind was weak or very much unbalanced, or he never would have eulogized Tarkoff as he did or tried to place him where he did not belong, by such praise as he gave him.

Some say he had domestic troubles, others that he had fears of starving. If the latter, what will become of his family which he has left to do the best they can without him as their main stay. No one in the colony has any fear of immediate want of the plain necessities of life. Work can always be obtained on the outside, either on the farm, in the mines, the town, or saw mills. No one has ever come near starving in the colony, and he had great confidence in Tarkoff's ability to pilot them out of all difficulties, which is the reason he said so much in fullsome praise of him. Peace be to his ashes, and a hope that the continuity of life may be better to him than life was here.

Still another record is to be made. Young Joseph Kinder, son of J. G. Kinder, of St. Louis, Missouri, died of typhoid fever, August 20th, and was buried at Pinon. His mother got there in time to be with him a few days before he died, and nursed him with all the love of a kind mother to the end. It was a sad parting for the mother and her only son, who was so kind and obedient to his parent's every wish, and so painstaking and considerate for his sisters. Though he was younger than some of them, he was looked upon as a protector and companion in all pleasure and recreation. Oh! how they will miss him, when they think of future plans of life.

He went forth as a young giant, to hew out a new home in the mountains and prepare the way for father, mother and sisters to come to him. The tears of parting then, were not in sadness as now, for they know now they will never see his human form again as they kissed it good-bye, little thinking it was for the last time the warm blood would give energy in his presence, but, poor Joe is not dead. He has only made an early change from this to another life where his possibilities are enlarged and he can go on preparing the way for those whom he loves and those that love him. The future home is supposed to be eternal, not subject to such sudden breaks in the chain of affection as in the material life. All these lessons teach us the frailty of human life, and that we must not put too much stress or hope on what we find here.

This promising young man was old for his years, yet a little imprudence cost him his life. He felt strong and vigorous and that nothing ordinary could harm him. We are poor judges of our own condition, especially when young, when our blood rushes through our system, feeding every fiber and filling the mind with enthusiasm that knows

no limit and we do many imprudent things to injure the health of the body and endanger our lives, wearing out the body by slow degrees. If properly cared for, it is a lasting though a delicate and wonderfully made machine, which we live in, sensitized to a wonderful degree, but capable of much endurance. Every muscle and sinew is strung up tight, in full health. Let us break a bone in the leg and see how hard it is to keep the muscles from shortening the limb by contraction, until nature can mend the bone by uniting the break, as a plumber would a joint in a lead pipe in appearance, making it stronger by more material, a wonderful process.

The little graveyard at Pinon is increasing in silent sleepers, as is often said by those who cannot separate the body from the ego, otherwise, the real person that controlled it intellectually.

Mrs. Susan Dean died, December 27th, 1897, aged seventy-eight. This was our first death and burial at Pinon. Since that, M. D. and Nannie Bowen buried their infant babe. Then Mr. and Mrs. Priestly lost their little boy, then the mill boiler explosion added young C. C. Dunn and C. E. Whitney, and now, C H. Kister, by suicide, and last, Joseph Kinder, by typhoid fever.

About this time, thirty-nine years ago, I helped bury the fifth man in the old Capital Hill Cemetery, in Denver. It was the first regular burying ground and was a gift of the United States Government to the people and is now called Congress Park.

About 1869, the Masonic Fraternity established a burying ground in North Denver, near the present High School, but it was abandoned and moved to Riverside Park, in part, and part to Capital Hill. Then, Fairmount was laid out, eight miles East and South of Denver, and

is filling up rapidly, as it is in a fine location and is more desirable in all respects than either of the others. Mount Carmel, a Catholic burial ground, is on the North of the Golden road.

While on this subject of death, burials and cemeteries, I wish to express my own peculiar views on such matters, which, taken as a whole, differ materially and definitely from that of the masses.

First of all, I would not want my body transported over five miles to be buried near a relative's body, and, if I could have my choice as well as not, would prefer cremation, but would not go to any special expense to have it done, as it matters not what becomes of it, as long as it does not harm the living by decay or spreading disease.

It is custom and sentiment that causes people to nurse the dead body, after life has parted from it. They cannot separate the body from the principle of life, so they hold to it in the best possible form they can in various ways. This is all useless, from any standpoint, as the best methods ever performed, have failed to preserve the natural appearance. Hence, it is a failure. Then again, a lifeless body is not good to look upon or to remind one in the sense of love or affection, approaching that of a living body, filled with animation, and the return of affection which it could give.

On the same ground I am opposed to expensive monuments and expensive funerals, which rob the living of what they might have for their care and comfort, and if I can have any control over my own body by my living request, I will have as little fuss and feathers as possible over my body, as I deem it a useless loss of time and money.

One can see an exhibition at the Capitol building in the Cliff Dweller's department, their attempt at preserving the body, and what a disgusting sight it is. The Egyptian mummy is little better to the sight, from descriptions given of them by delvers after the old and curious in the old world. We can work with the laws of nature but we cannot change them and it is a waste of time to undertake it.

CHAPTER XXII.

The Colorado Co-operative Colony is about the same age as Ruskin. Starting under more favorable auspices, it was Ruskin's good fortune to start a paper under a good manager, in the proper time to gain a large subscription, which has been a source of income from the beginning. That tidal wave of sentiment, then sweeping over the country, made it comparatively easy to bring a liberal advocate of man's rights to the front.

"The Coming Nation," found its way into thousands of poor homes, and all inclined to socialistic principles, and helped spread its wings far away from its humble home, on Yellow Creek, in Old Tennessee, far beyond what its most sanguine projectors expected. It was so great that Wayland thought, as his interest was the largest, he might as well have it all, as he owned the plant in the beginning and only had credit for it on the colony books; but others objected to his selfish turn of mind, and put up the money to pay Mr. Wayland off and put in some one of their members to steer the ship clear of snags.

Mr. Wayland left the colony and started a paper similar in character, at Kansas City. He did some strong soliciting for it but it never took root like "The Coming Nation," under his most skillful management, as he had

lost caste with the class that were following him at Ruskin, as a socialistic advocate who was willing to sacrifice principle for greed, when he thought he could take advantage of circumstances to use it.

He thought it was he alone that gave the paper its popularity. In this he found his mistake, as any other man will, who thinks no one can fill his place. Had he been true to his expressed principles and been satisfied to do his work as he commenced it, the colony at Ruskin would have grown much faster than it has and he would have prospered with it and retained his reputation as a writer and a sincere man.

Ruskin has proven its ability to live and run the paper without him. It has had its trials and very dark days, no doubt, as those creeping, hissing serpents find their way over land and sea, into every good-intentioned colony that ever started, to swallow it, or poison it, so it would die from stagnation and pollution, if such were allowed to remain. The most damnable scapegraces of creation are loud advocates of humanitarianism and brotherly love when they are as selfish as hell, and would crow over the downfall of any honest man whom they cannot wheedle out of all he has laid up for old age.

I have always believed that Ruskin had a backbone of good people who had pride in its long life and would always stand by it, when the test came to try them in the most critical way, and that time seems about to come now. The forced sale has taken place some little time ago, to satisfy certain demands made upon them by dissatisfied members and creditors, who wanted their money and, I suppose, got it, as they are seeking a new locality and must have lost all real estate claims at Ruskin to satisfy these cormorants, that hung like a mill stone about their

necks, as I see by the equality paper, "Freedom" that they saved the "Coming Nation" printing plant and perhaps much of the valuable machinery that will enable them to make a new start, wherever they may locate.

"Freedom" says three thousand dollars will buy them eight hundred acres of ground, about seventy small frame houses and two large houses. This three thousand dollars is additional to the sum they have on hand and will free them of all debt. The location is in Georgia, sixty miles from the coast, at a place called Dnake, near the Plant railroad and has its own station and store building.

It would be a good plan, before they move, to do some close screening business or they will get some toads, tadpoles and gars, that will load any net and be worthless, and guard all entrances in future, against these web footed globe trotters that are the bane of the colony. They carry all diseases that are fatal to harmony and good will between man and man. The ideal, orthodox Heaven would not satisfy them. They would spurn it as trash, unworthy of notice.

Bedbugs are always found in the timber where they go, have lived there for centuries, waiting for this frowsy piece of humanity to come along, so they may have a feast. I can imagine how the bug lived, but cannot see how the man kept his blood in circulation, without the bug. There is so much affinity between the two, that they would come together like two drops of water and not be separated again. When you find one the other will soon appear. Move one of the human kind into a bran new house, built of stone, isolated from any other house, and very soon you will see Mr. Bug. He claims his residence where his friends live. They are one.

This describes the sort of men that search for colonies to find fault with their laws and acting officials and pull them down to their level till it cannot breath and dies, and the fiend hunts another. He has not lost any time or money; of the one he is barren, of the other he has abundance and to spare. He is like Mark Twain's Cayotte. He travels for his health.

Some good people came to Topolobampa and they went away when they found how they had been played upon by A. K. Owen's aerial flights of imagination.

He had a paradise on earth pictured out in colored maps and plans of immense public buildings and pleasure grounds in a tropical climate where everything would grow, good land and all the surroundings one could desire on earth. Great plans of a canal and railroad were talked about, as a well-to-do farmer would talk of putting in a crop or fencing some new land.

Owen had acquired great concessions from the Mexican Government, in lands and privileges. A little empire was in sight and every man could be an emperor or every woman an empress. Honors were even and easy of acquirement. The allurement was inviting.

Utopia was only a primmer in short clothes compared with this new found land and its projectors, who got on five foot stilts at one stroke of effort. He traveled and lived as all such mushrooms do, in the most expensive style. He seldom deigned to lend his august presence at the seat of operation, which he commanded from a distance. After a time it was policy to do so. Kiting a colony on wind got thin and the people grew thin in flesh on musty corn meal and similar food and short rations.

The enthusiastic belief of Owen's intent and his great

ability to make an asylum for those in medium circumstances, begin to fade. The Kansas contingents who mean business, took hold of the ditch and completed it, furnishing the money and labor for this most important work, and fully expected to have some voice in the just distribution of the water. In this they were sadly disappointed. Mr. A. K. Owen was the power supreme, under the Mexican grant which he claimed to hold, and they must yield to him or be driven from the country by the Mexican Government, which, anyone knows, had been impracticable and no sense of justice is expected from it.

The Mexicans are corrupt and unreliable. The high officials can be fixed for any purpose. Owen had them on his side and no appeal above the espionage system of the country. Huffman, Spencer and Wetherspoon, in their own country, could have made it very warm for Owen.

They went so far as to find he had no real title to anything, that he could transfer. Then those who sided with him accused those against him, of being usurpers and made them appear as the wreckers of a good scheme, for selfish purposes, and that he was the victim of misplaced confidence, which he could not help.

This conscienceless scamp should have dangled at the end of a rope for playing with the confidence of poor people. Over two thousand of them made that long, expensive trip by rail and ocean travel, and paid a heavy freight and revenue on what they were instructed to bring with them, and then found such a misrepresentation of almost everything that they hoped for. Not even a decent welcome was accorded by the management. In fact they were treated more like intruders in many instances, and the most indifferent quarters assigned them, hardly fit for an animal of decent habits.

Some had spent their all to get there, under promises of plenty of work and plenty to live on. A favored few had all that was good while others suffered for the necessities of life, and, if not hampered by this strange acting management, might have changed conditions and made things go, independent of them and lived there, but they were in a foreign land and had no pull with the officials and must submit or get away.

Some dragged themselves by land to Guymus, through Mexican settlements, begging something to eat, and finally to the United States and their homes, in the most meager condition. We have these facts from reliable persons.

Just what object this man had in view, after his first exploiting which seemed so fair and humane, yet very visionary, it would be hard to tell. One could hardly expect such indifference and lack of human feeling as he exhibited toward a suffering people whom he had entrapped into his scheme. He could not expect success to come out of blocking every industry, with no efficiency in anything they did. The paper plans must have originated in some other head than Owen's, or that was all he could do and fell down when practical things became necessary.

The bubble burst and the dream of wonders ended. All had plenty of experience, and less confidence in mankind, and a first lesson in co-operation that did not co-operate.

Owen is still dreaming of the lost continent, but not of the people he deceived. We are told that he married some money and spent some of it to retrieve some claims of value he held. His victims are scattered to the four winds. The Colorado Co-operative Colony has some ten or twelve of the members, two Smith Brothers, Geo. B.

Ruggles, C. E. Robinson, Peterson, Earnest Eable, J. W. Bridenthal, Wm. Parter Winters and C. E. Whitney.

Equality Colony, located in Skagat County, Washington, was the foundling of the Social Democracy, which was going to take State by State under its reform wing, and they selected the above named as their starting point, this being a young Western state. It was thought the leaven would take in the whole country, but the boss baker, Eugene V. Debs, got on a strike and seems to have sunk out of sight and hearing. John R. Sovereign has quit the lecture field and is editing a paper at Delane, and the bottom seems to have dropped out of the once promising foundation for great reform.

Equality grows slow and is not getting the support promised it from the monthly dues fund, that should come in by the thousand, if members were as numerous as reported, and the dues so low that almost anyone should be able to pay them. Apathy has taken the place of enthusiasm, and the poorly fed horse does not keep his traces tight.

So it is with the Equality to-day. Money is not coming in, and there is no way of calling the delinquents to time. Those that went to the front, with all their worldly effects, expecting to be well backed, must look to their own good management for future support, and not to a still barren political party, abandoned by its fathers to be buried in the forests of Washington, to be forgotten as one of those spasmodic efforts to gain power for its leaders.

They must be satisfied to govern themselves, much less the whole state, politically, and, if they can harmonize and work together co-operatively, they can live independent of any party or leader in the world. But, this is the

hardest proposition to solve, of all that is known in the trials of co-operation; that innate, pre-eminent, ever present self, that bobs up and calls for the lion's share of everything in sight. What can you do with it? Argument or example falls flat; failures do not teach; all ambition hangs on. "How much can I, as an individual, get out of it?" Can any law or condition change this predominant feeling which is so deeply rooted that we do not know where or how to cut or lessen its growth? Must the unequal contest go on forever, until the world is loaded with the burden of the helpless, until the man of medium class is eaten up with taxation while the millionaire can make his own condition, to make more money and pay less taxes, through this manipulative power?

This is a serious question that will not be downed by the mere casting aside of thought, or saying: "I can live if others can, and I will look out for myself and let others do the same." But your own chances are being limited. As the mill grinds out its grist, yours may fall short, and, if the fiftieth mile post is reached in life, this limited chance is cut by the limitation of the useful age, that you may be employed by others. This sentiment is growing and cannot be denied. Destitute old age will increase in the same ratio that our chances to gain a competency are cut short.

Suppose one out of every five does gain, what are his chances of holding in comparison to those of losing what he has gained? The great uncertainty of value in anything he may place his gains in, is a lottery, and he may draw a blank. Lands, stocks, manufacturing, even money loaning cannot be counted on as perfectly secure. What may be good security to-day, may shrink so in one day or one year, that it would be a loss to take it and perhaps be

the starting point of ruin, which one could not head off by industry or frugality; consequently, your independent, go-as-you-please plan of life may lay you high and dry in poverty, when you are too old to make another start.

The world at large will not let any one man have his own way very long. His ability may steer him clear of snags set for him, but he is always in danger of being wrecked. A combination of effort would lessen the chance of the loss, that a single individual would have to meet, and it must be potent to every thinking man and woman that the time, if not now, is near at hand, when, for self defense alone, they must unite and stand together, ignoring their own differences of opinion on all subjects that would destroy harmony. Men do not quarrel over selfish, minor things when they are on a sinking ship. They all man the pumps alike. There is no difference in caste or value of gold. It is life they are trying to save. And it will be freedom and the necessities of life for which they must stand together now, before it is eternally too late.

This may sound like a useless alarm to those who happen to have good situations, or have a fixed income, and to those better prepared for the storm that is gathering so certainly for the future.

At this date there is a raised price on all the necessities of life, without an equal raise to the producer. There is nothing to justify this advance, no special demand beyond the supply. This is an unnatural forcing up of values, by the power behind the throne, called Trusts. There is no competing power to meet it in an open market, and the consumer must suffer the advance, to fill the coffers of a combination that throws him from side to side like a shuttle-cock, a mere piece of machinery, a tool, which has life and intelligence, but nothing to say in the

shaping of his government, or what his own condition shall be.

If you stand this and wait, you will see more of the same heaped upon you. The octopus is reaching out as he grows, until what you call freedom, will be absolute slavery.

CHAPTER XXIII.

September 11th, 1899.

Since writing the above, I find in the "Rocky Mountain News" of this date, an article from Senator Washburn, of Minnesota, headed, "Menaced by the Trust Craze," and copied from the "New York Tribune" interview with him.

He says the present situation, to the good citizen and the good republican and man who loves his country, is really alarming, and is more largely owing to the rapid formation of what is called the Trust, than to any other agency. First, this Trust craze has changed the whole nature of doing things. He says: "When I was a young man, I am now sixty-eight, I had the world before me and there was absolutely a fair field for me. Take all of our most successful business men of to-day and their experiences were like mine. They entered the race without a handicap and their grit and capacity won. Now this building up of trusts puts a stop to fair and equal opportunities for the young men of to-day. The young man out of college has no opportunity, as a rule. He cannot begin business on his own account against organized capital. He must join the procession. He must content himself with being a clerk, and the chances are that too many of his class are in the field. This makes the sitnation a serious one, and I am sorry for the young man of to-day.

I've studied the situation and am sure of what I am saying. The present industrial situation amounts almost to a craze for trusts. There is hardly anything in the industrial line that has not been tackled by the promoters of trusts."

This comes from a man of large public experience and a life long republican who can see through the mist of his own party and its danger of furthering trusts, in a call made for a convention, to meet in Chicago, to see what may be done to stop this avalanche.

Very few republican names appear as delegates or speakers, while democrats and populists are largely represented. This is a plain indication where the sympathy lies, and it may have the effect of changing the administration at the next election, and some of the leaders see what it may do if the people can be awakened to the danger in time.

At one time lyceums and schools had prominent mottoes stating that "knowledge is power," posted in their rooms, but times and signs have changed. Now gold is power. And its power was shown so boldly at the last presidential election, that several states counted more votes for McKinley than they had voters, and no contest was made. The power of millions in Mark Hanna's hands to elect his mortgagee president, buried knowledge and deceney so deep that not a sound came back, of the corrupt methods used to make a bankrupt a president, who has blundered into imperialism to serve these plutocratic friends, who want more territory in which to spread their damnable schemes of dominance, and again he may be counted in to do their work. And you, the working man, will help tie the hands of others less helpless than yourselves, for partyism, or for a price for your vote.

Oh, shame upon such half manhood, that will be blinded by partyism, or a few glittering dollars! You deserve to be serfs and beggars, crying for a mess of pottage to sustain your worthless lives. Is this your vaunted independence, with twenty-five cents worth of clothes, and fifty cents worth of tobacco and an empty stomach, and a family on your hands for the public to support? You are a drifting vagabond without home or hope, cursing all who are more thrifty and honest than yourself, and would cast discredit on all motives higher than your own.

No wonder we have the professional tramp, who wanders from one section of our country to another, sleeping in barns and on haystacks, begging or stealing food and rags, that cover his worthless body. He is too cowardly and lazy to be a highway robber. His aimless life has no adventure, only that he is kicked out of a freight train when stealing a ride.

In to-day's paper, September 12th, 1899, I read of three young boys trying to wreck the Lakewood and Golden train, so they may get sentenced to the reform school. This is their second attempt and they make an open declaration that they will do worse until they are sentenced. All these boys have parents and should have homes more desirable than a reform school could ever be to them. In fact a reform school should shadow a young boy or man with disgrace, never to be forgotten, both to himself and his parents, but it shows the drift of sentiment and depravity of which there must be some primary cause, that it sets so lightly in the minds of the people when it is a very serious question for their consideration.

In our opinion it is the reckless loose marriage custom allowed, any trifling Jack that can find some Jenny that will marry him. She may be good, bad or indifferent

in human qualities. If she be good, she may mould the progeny into fairly good citizens, in spite of a father that should stop at his own generation and never claim to be the sire of anything.

But how do we find it in nature? The most nauseous weeds seed themselves a million times a year, and so it is with these worthless human weeds. Children come galore, to them, and they pride themselves in this multitude of products that some one must support, either by charity, or taxation in homes of correction, jails or penitentiaries. The unnatural fathers and often the mothers, are indifferent.

Then, there is the genteel half-grade, would-be somebodies who live in boarding houses, where children never learn good manners, and get puffed up over nothing to do, fine clothes and notice paid by older people, until they are so haughty and disagreeable that they have the world soured to themselves in childhood, and must not be crossed or some one would be killed.

Then come the rich, that never know their own as other people do. From birth to maturity, they are in the hands of a nurse and governess, that have no natural interest, only to please and hold the place for salary. Schools and colleges do the finishing, and these favored sons and daughters hardly know they have a father and mother, only in the sense of money and all their wants supplied. Cold business takes the father's time, and the mother must fill the place in society, becoming a rich man's wife, or fall out of sight and live as a recluse.

None of these class conditions are in any way calculated to improve present or future generations, and they are the greater percentage, and must have their effect upon the lesser percent. that do all they can to rear good

and useful children, and it is almost disheartening to them in their trials to counteract this willful, hell bound majority, that has no regard for anything but to live and have a good time in their way, whether it be to make money, travel, get drunk, smoke and chew tobacco, go to prize fights, shows and horse races. It is all one, so long as they enjoy themselves.

To the middle class comes the heartaches and the sleepless nights over the wayward boy or girl that goes wrong. The rich can send them far away and hide the disgrace that might be heaped upon them at home among their friends. The middle class are not usually able to do this and they must bear the burden of whatever may come and are not to be blamed only in the matter of over-indulgence to their children, mistaking it for kindness when it is really a life-long harm that is seldom erased.

"Oh, we want our children to have a good time while they are young and not know any disappointment," some say. This is a great error. The sooner we learn there are hard things to meet, the better, as we retain all our early lessons much better than those later on in life, and we are so much better equipped to do battle and meet emergencies than if made to believe that this world was made for our special benefit. We must adjust ourselves to our surroundings sooner or later, or fare badly. The world was made and populated long before we came into it, and we, as individuals, are a very small figure in it.

Our nearest friends and blood relations will not long tolerate indulgences to those that demand them, without some return. If you happen to be born with a silver spoon in your mouth, and do not lose it, you have some advantage over the less fortunate, but this is no child's play world. Old, solid, hard realities will bob up and

take the spoon of luxury away from us, and it is worse than useless to sit down and cry about it. You only get the jeers and contempt of the average man or woman, that sees the practical side of life as one of aggression that will force its way through foul or fair weather.

"Every tub stands on its own bottom," is a trite old saying that has much solid truth in it. Each individual is separate from every other individual, and must stand or fall as such, here and hereafter, for all eternity. If this human fabric is worth having, we must spin our own cocoon. No other worm can do it for us. No inheritance can avail us in this particular. Good blood is all right to start with, but it will degenerate and fall short of its ancestry if not kept up to the standard, by the descendents, as trustees of a precious gift that all cannot bestow.

CHAPTER XXIV.

September 15th, 1899.

Getting back to colony business again, we find a change of editors, of "The Altrurian." Moses Franklin appears as editor, in the issue of the 6th of this month, F. C. Tawney having resigned. In some respects this is a change for the better. It could hardly be for the worse, but, saying the least, it is not in good hands, and will be subservient to the same will that has had control for some time past, and the non-issue would have been better for all concerned in the real life and welfare of the colony, as in its present control it is, and has been, misleading in its garbled reports of things to the outside stockholders, and has led and will lead them to think the management is all right, if not handicapped by certain old members, that are doing all they can to tear down that which they have

labored hardest to build up, because they cannot now control colony affairs, and they know all they say in this direction is as false as hell itself.

The plain facts are these; old wheel horses are not using their former energy to push the colony as they once did, for the very good reason that they see it drifting from its former intent into socialism, free-loveism, pauperism, boyism, and, as proof, one child is born without a father, and another is coming, and the leading articles in the paper for some time past, show the tendency toward extreme socialism and boyish haggling at all that did not agree with them in all things. Now they are in a dilemma and some one is to blame for it, and they turn all things wrong, to the same source; the old ones.

F. C. Gibbs, general manager, has sent in his report to outside members of the board, for the month of August, showing an indebtedness of over seventeen hundred dollars, and an income for the same month, of one hundred and eighty dollars on stock and water, only ninety coming from the outside, six hundred dollars from comissary and all other sources, and about ten per cent. profit on this would leave only sixty dollars, and a total of two hundred and forty dollars, being the lowest amount received for any month in the three years.

Is this a good sign that the management is satisfactory and that the members are satisfied with it? Let Mr. Tarkoff stand up and say what he thinks is the matter. In my opinion, it is these Denver fellows that have been writing letters to break up the colony, so they can buy it up and make a big speculation. Tarkoff will show them how mistaken they will be.

Is it natural or honest for us to put in our money and induce others to join, and pay money in, to be used up

and fooled away by a lot of bunglers and indigent sap-suckers that fail to make a living on the outside, and drive away from the work, all the best men on it? We made gentle and strong protests, until we were ruled out of any hearing, before the board or through the paper, then had to bear all the hints and insults that ill temper could heap upon us. Is it reasonable that we should be as meek as mice under such treatment, and work for the colony as though all was well? Not much.

We have seen the principal of our hard worked-up home basis, absorbed by others in mistakes and wilfully bad management, knowing what would be the final result. Can any one who has any fairness in his composition, blame them? I am recording these facts as a matter of history, so those who may read, what is now suppressed, in the future, in this little book, and know the inside facts. Absolute fairness and seeming fairness, are very different propositions. We have had much of the latter and little of the former, and this is why we want to be understood.

The call for a stockholders' meeting, to be held in Denver, September 29th, is fast approaching, for the purpose of changing some of the by-laws and looking the ground over. There are many things that should be done, that cannot be done legitimately, as they are not in the advertised call or thirty day notice to the stockholders.

The most important is the previous clause of adding a gradual quarterly payment of five dollars to the one hundred dollar membership share. This was a sad mistake, made over two years ago, and started at ten dollars quarterly and subsequently cut to five dollars as a compromise and has run up to eighty dollars and will go on until it reaches one hundred, making a total of two hundred dollars, that all new members must pay, if they enter our

holy band, and it practically shuts the door against any that would seek us, in our stand-still condition.

Had we a compact business proposition to show for our four years' work, then it might be possible to gain a class that would not let one hundred dollars stand in the way of a good home proposition. On the contrary, we must tell them that six months have passed and no work is done on the ditch, direct. We must tell them that there are two factions, and a likely third. We must tell them of over one hundred delinquents, that cannot, or will not, pay on their stock, and others following closely in their wake. This is not a very encouraging outlook. It is said there are none so blind as those that will not see. Whether this is applicable to the present ruling power or not, as a whole, is not freely understood.

Light travels with great rapidity, and reaches some very dark places through very small crevices, and we have hoped it would penetrate some skulls and awaken a sensitive brain and nerve, that would act in harmony with common sense, and kill that pessimistic dog-in-the-manger disposition that holds the colony in obeyance to suspicion and doubt of honesty.

At this coming meeting we hope there will be some very positive changes for a better understanding of our condition, and some action taken to regain the loss of confidence so we may take a new hold and all pull together. It is an undoubted fact, that the Denver people have been able to do this rebuilding, with the assistance of other outside members. They did the necessary work and furnished their share of the working funds, and considerable extra donations to fill in needed calls upon their liberality, and they still stand ready to do all in their power, when things are put in proper shape and when they can be

treated as an integral part of this institution, and not as wreckers and bandits ready to devour it, as has appeared in the colony paper for six months past, and no recourse left them except to publish their own paper, and send it free to those that read the colony paper. They were nearly goaded to the point of doing this at one time. But for making the breach wider, it would have been done. We suffered for colony good, and waited to see results of the annual election and to see if there was any sense of justice left in store for us, in the minds of those on neutral ground.

A gleam of hope is before us, but it may be cast aside and trodden in the dust, through ill will or ignorance of the true status. It will kill our enterprise so dead that Gabriel's tooter will never waken the choked-to-death corpse, and the vulture will hover about Pinon to pick the bones bare of all that is left of the Colorado Co-operative Colony. They who have done the least will claim the most, and we could name them now, if it could do any good. But let us wait and see how many will stand the test of manhood, and will say a good cause shall not die, to profit a few rogues.

We have enough of stern stuff, if they could be here long enough to acquaint themselves of our real situation, and see what was needed for the sick patient, who has had quack doctors digging into his vitals so long that he cannot stand much more maltreatment. But distance and cost forbids their coming, and they send proxies to those that they believe will use them for the best, and this is only chancing colony interest, and this is our present trouble, too much hap-hazard election of incompetents in responsible places, that should be filled with our best material instead of the poorest.

CHAPTER XXV.

INDIFFERENCE TO OTHERS.

Nearly all my life, I have seen this characteristic of indifference that has more or less disgusted me with my people. With all their good and noble qualities, which I greatly cherish, above all other people. This is one of their glaring faults, that stands out so plain, that no one can be mistaken about it. You can see it on the streets of cities and on the country roads, at church, opera and all public gatherings. If you are driving and some one is going the same way, he takes delight in passing you and staying just far enough ahead to throw dust in your face, and, if he could hold you back by having a faster team, he invariably does it. He may never have seen or heard of you before. In cities, any driver will splatter the mud on you if he can, or make you hurry up at the crossing and if he can get in front of you, he drives slower and makes you wait his leisure..

I have experienced this a thousand times at least, myself, and have it from many others, and every now and then, some old man, woman or child is run over and killed or crippled. These are common occurrences, all because of a reckless indifference to others' rights.

Thousands of ornamental shade trees have been barked, disfigured and killed, by some vandal hitching his unchecked horse to the tree, when a hitching post with a ring on, to hitch to, is at hand.

Fathers and mothers will see their dear children mutilate houses, shrubbery, flowers or fruit, and only give

them a mild reproval, if any at all, especially if the property belongs to some one else, and does not cost them any sorrow. Some over-indulgent mothers, will allow their children to mar valuable furniture, spoil books and albums by rough handling, and the owner must grin and bear this outrage, to save the friendship of this blind, indifferent poddle-head, who don't care for anyone, but she is Mrs. So-and-So, and one must suffer this indignity.

No one should be tolerated or respected, who does not respect the rights and feelings of others. No position or name gives them any right to impose upon you or me. We are all by nature equal in our personal rights.

Ingratitude is a part of indifference. How often you may see a man give his seat in a crowded street car, to a woman, and she will take it as her right and never give even a look of thanks, though the man standing might be old enough to be this ungrateful woman's grandfather, and I have seen men so borish, that they will occupy two seats and see other people with equal rights, standing up.

In American cities, it is no uncommon thing to see two, three or four men or women occupying the middle of the sidewalk, gossiping, and making hundreds of people go around them, while, if they had any thought of common rights, they would move one or two steps out of the way. A Chinaman has more decency. If there were thousands of them on the sidewalk, they would make way for anyone to pass through without any trouble, while the finely dressed American animal would stand stalk still.

This same half bred animal will puff his disagreeable tobacco smoke into your face with as much indifference as if you were a dog and he your master. A good dose of green pick handle is all that would ever wake him up to a realization that he is not the lord of creation.

This brutalism of kindred kinds runs through all classes of people. I was told by different persons who had attended festivals in Washington, given by members of the cabinet and different ones in high positions, that it was a regular scramble, bereft of any decorum or civility, that you might expect from any well bred middle class of people.

Some years ago, a certain minister married a rich widow in Denver, and a large number were invited and accepted the invitation to be present at the bride's home. The refreshments were served in a large, floored tent in the yard, and the piggish desire to be first at the table resulted in some ladies nearly having their clothes torn from their bodies. At an Irish wake one would not be surprised at such conduct, but when seen by the light of education there seems to be a lack of something, in our loose, self-sufficient way of bluffing the world.

There is one cause which we can see, tends to this growing propensity, and it starts with our indulgence to children. They are always in the foreground, from the time "Tootsy" can crow, on up. They must have all the attention and be first in everything. Old age, middle age, nor any age that they need not fear brute force from, has any respect shown them. This is the up-to-date tendency. If you tell a parent that you saw his boy hurl a rock through your window, he will tell you, nine times out of ten, that you must have been mistaken. His boy never lied and he denied it and none of the other boys said he did, and that is positive proof of his innocence, and the parent does not want to pay damages and would rather make a liar out of his son than to pay a dollar to make a decent man of him, but, later on in life, he may pay thousands, if he can, to save his grown up boy from the

penitentiary, or some worse punishment, that would disgrace his whole family for life.

I never was an advocate of beating any child that needed proper punishment, though some seem to need more than talk, but if parents would devote more time in giving advice and not threaten and scold so much as some do, children would learn to love and obey. Be positive and truthful yourself, and you will win the respect of your children and be admired by all of your friends, for your good judgment.

The family circle, with harmony between its members, is the most pleasant thought in the human breast. The well behaved child is a luxury and a joy forever, while the sour, spoiled one, no matter how good looking, gives off a ruffling distaste that harrows up all the meaner feelings, that are never forgotten.

I have one particular case in my mind, of such a child, that grew to be a fine looking young woman and became quite noted as an elocutionist, and, in giving public entertainments, received well merited applause, which she should have, for her talent, yet I, as one of them, could not erase from my memory, the spoiled child of former years, that made life miserable for all who came in contact with her.

The risk of going wrong is so much greater where one starts young, to have one's own way, against advice too softly given to have any effect upon them. Those who bring children into the world, are the proper ones to study their disposition, and learn the needed application to direct them in the right channel. If they are not capable they should not be parents. They have no right to afflict the world to bear their burdens of bad blood and neglect or inability to direct the right course. Here again, is

manifest that indifference that is the rule and not the exception, that the world owes me and mine a living, and must yield it to us.

This feeling is a growing menace to the people who are willing to do their duty, as one cog in a wheel that turns the affairs of life. This is Carnival week in Denver, commencing September 25th, yesterday. Last night the hoodlum element was let loose. Gangs of young men, dressed in High School uniform, being the principals, took possession of the most central streets in the city, held hands and surrounded young girls, strangers to them, and insulted and abused them in a scandalous manner, until the police got moved to their duty to arrest them, and had to draw pistols to cowe these respectable brutes, that the tax payer must educate, to insult their daughters.

The dealers in festival nuisances have found a new one, fine bits of colored paper. These brutes attempted to force this stuff into the throats of females, irrespective of age or character. Two young boys, one hanging to his loving, indulgent mother, attempted to throw the stuff in my face, so it would stick in my rather long whiskers, but I resented the impudence with my cane on their shins. Only a few hours previous, fifty young smart alecks were arrested for loud actions and all paid fines before to-day's city court. This publicity did touch some of their parents who claimed that their boys were led into this by others, but the boys were questioned by the justice and acknowledged that they were guilty as charged by the police, who arrested them. This clinched their guilt, much to the chagrin of their parents, who expected they would lie out of it, and save the fines of five dollars and cost.

Money does cut closer to the heart strings than any other consideration. Obliquity to the moral law and

justice are small things as compared with liberty to do as you please, at some one's loss. This, I am sorry to say is an American trait of character with now and then an exception that stands for the right under all circumstances that cover the ground of honor in its highest sense. This is the redeeming salt that saves, in a measure, the indifferent plunger.

CHAPTER XXVI.

The stockholders' meeting of the Colorado Co-operative Colony met September 29th, in Denver, according to call by the board. There was present a good representation from Pinon and three of the board of directors, namely; Douglas, Gibbs and Bramier from the front, and Charles Gabriel and Snyder, of Denver.

The meeting was organized, placing Mr. Gabriel in the chair, and Mr. Franklin as secretary. All the suggested changes in the by-laws were made by almost a unanimous vote, except the article changing the main office from Denver to Pinon, and that being a part of constitutional organic law required a two-thirds vote and was lost or negatived by seven voters. On the announcement, I. Tarkoff moved to adjourn and got a second by D. Springer, but was voted down with almost a unanimous vote.

This was an attempt on the part of these two members, to break up the meeting, Tarkoff leaving the room, hoping to be followed by a majority, but not a single person made a move and he came sneaking back, a much disappointed man, but his sheeney cheek did not desert him and he piped in with his squeaky, unpleasant voice, that would make a hungry pig leave its swill and run to its mo-

ther for protection. This loquacious bump of self esteem is fast pulling down his temple of power on his own head, and will be buried in the debris, so deep that he will not hear the call of Old Nick, for all living Jews to come forth and stand the test of truth.

The question of a smaller ditch came up in the way of a petition, signed by a large number of those on the ground, for a four foot ditch, being half the size of that now under construction. They claim this can be completed in one year from next Spring, to the initial point and asked for an endorsement of the building on their purposed plan, and got it in full.

They claim that they have the promise of enough members that will pay in sufficient cash to put this work through. We hope this is true, but we have our serious doubts about the possibility. Some fool or knave will upset any plan that may be laid with the best of intentions of the promoters. It is an utter impossibility to harmonize this class of people long enough to accomplish any moderate undertaking, to say nothing of a large one that is necessary to carry on a small ditch and I now say, with the present management and sort of people now on the front, three years will not see water on the park, through any sized ditch.

The element of tact and thrift is only found in a few, and they will get tired and disgusted and will cease their efforts to pull a dead horse out of the mire. The old dead-heads and pensioners will stay and grovel about being half maintained, yet will not leave as long as there is anything to consume. They tell us that they cannot get away and must stay. This is the last chance they have to live on earth. Tarkoff and Franklin threw out strong intimations of what would come if money was not forth-

coming soon, to feed these forlorn and helpless creatures.

Yes, they will still live on the hard earned money of those that have made it possible for them to live there, and they will kill their own chances to have a home in order to live "now." This is the principal cause of colony failure, too many drones in the hive. They cannot be supported by those that are able and willing to work. Every man, woman or child who gets hurt by their own carelessness, expects to be pensioned in the colony. If they are not, they threaten to bring suit for damages. This would not be tolerated by any other sensible set of people, that should enter into a partnership to build a ditch or enter land to build a home, and how can any honest person solicit a poor hard working man or woman to enter such an unfair institution? They had better take their chances to fight the battle of life single-handed, in old competition ranks.

If they had any taxable property, they must pay to maintain the county and state poor, in addition to their own colony burden, which they encounter in co-operating. Can we show anyone the advantage of this double burden which they must assume, if this precedent is firmly established. Sentiment must not over-reach our ability or we sink.

This thing of making fish of one member and fowl of another, never was contemplated by the founders of the colony, and, in proof, I cite the case of J. G. Kinder's son, Joseph, an outrageous doctor's bill of ninety dollars, and every item of expense has been charged to Mr. Kinder who is a poor man, for the reason that he has not approved of the management, and has spoken plainly about it. Every moment of attendence by any member, has been

charged up and will be collected of this honorable member, who was one thousand miles away from his son.

There is one honorable exception to this inhumanity of man to man. Young R. J. Cox, from Durango, would not accept pay for his services, amounting to ten dollars, putting in ten hours more time than any other one individual, and he is as poor as any one of them, and, no doubt, needs money as bad as any of them, yet he had a larger liberality than any of them, and I shall always feel well toward the young man for it.

On the other extreme, the management has favored C. C. Dunn, Mrs. Dunn and Mrs. Whitney, to the extent of giving each of them a water right, worth at the lowest estimate, two hundred, for twenty acres each; C. C. Dunn, one hundred in cash for all time.

Now comes the Kister family to support, because he got tired of sustaining them and committed suicide. Now, again, Mr. Fort wants pay for his son's carelessness in sticking his hand in the mill saw, which cut off a small portion of his fingers, and he will likely get his allowance. W. C. Metcalf put his foot under the saw, in showing off. Two years ago the colony paid his expenses to Denver, and in the hospital for nine weeks, with no return from him in the shape of credits to the colony.

The colony never was intended for a charitable institution. It had no endowment fund placed at its command for such purposes, and is too poor to go beyond doing common justice between its members at this time, and, when we are self-sustaining and can provide a fund for the care of the unfortunate ones, it will be all right to do it, but at no time pension anyone. The nation did not do that in its infancy. It could not afford it for its soldiers,

much less its private citizens, which must take care of themselves.

It matters not what misfortunes overtake them, corporations do not pension anyone who may lose a limb, only where it can be proven that it was through their mismanagement, that any loss occurred. If they did anything, it would be voluntarily and the sooner our people look at all things in a purely business light, the sooner we can reach the ideal of doing good things for all who need assistance.

The old saying, that charity should begin at home, holds good with poor people and poor colonies as well. Liberality is all right in its place but has its limit. Some people are very liberal in handling other people's money. A gambler is liberal with his ill gotten gain, but it is not charity to rob one person to give to another and this is the policy the colony has established in this pension move. They are taking the chances away from those who are as poor as those they are favoring, keeping them from securing a home by diverting the means they have given to put that ditch out, and they have no right to do it, any more than they have to put their hands into their pockets and force that much from them. It is all wrong and a high handed method. If anyone, becoming crippled in this work, thinks he can sue and get damages, let him do it, then if the courts compel a payment, no one is to blame, though wrong it may be.

The colony only comes under the head of corporations, to come under the state law and to protect individuals, as stockholders from being swallowed up by an unscrupulous management. The mutual agreement for a mutual benefit is doing a certain work that could not be done single handed, with the limited means of a poor man.

It was the first incentive to form this colony. If they succeeded in doing this first work, i. e. the ditch, then other benefits might be taken up, as the good judgment of the membership could see, and would not be merely experimental, but practical and not in advance of need or ability to carry it into success. Poor people, who are climbing the ladder, must step carefully lest they fall, and have to commence at the bottom again. A good business man with small means, only adds to his stock and enlarges his business as he can see safety ahead of him, and why should a colony act on a different basis under the same conditions. There is no cause to put the cart before the horse, because of our members.

If nature had endowed us with the system, sense and harmony of the bee or ant, in doing their work, we might do wonders for ourselves but, instead, we were born selfish, and nurse this trait from the cradle to the grave in our blind desire to be more than our fellow man, and what a beautiful mess we make of it, wiggling like helpless worms, trying to be the topmost worm.

CHAPTER XXVII.

At this date, October, 1899, the colony paper, "The Altrurian," will not appear to its readers, to tell them of colony progress and none of its mistakes. It is a sorrow to us, that had control of the publication in its babyhood, to know how it has been prostituted to the vile purposes of the enemies of real altruistic thought, and turned it into a free love, socialistic sheet, to vilify the founders of the colony and the starters of the paper, who hoped to see it get into more able and better hands and become a standard paper, for its veracity and good sense in all it had to say for freedom.

It was published at a loss from the beginning, as a monthly paper, but the loss was so small then that no one felt it, and, having no other avenue to reach the eye of co-operators and home seekers, it was a necessity to publish it. A sad mistake was made in merging it into a weekly and a greater mistake has been made in the appointment of editors. We thought Mr. P. B. Hirsh would see fair play and do the right thing so far as his ability could be considered, but he got "Tarkoffed" and went blind as snakes do in dog days. He got so much Jew virus in his veins, mixed with his Jew name, that the marks of a pack, on his back, might be looked for in confidence, and so many have said to me: "Hirsh must be a Jew, judging by his name and affiliations." It was he who enlisted Moses and Isaac and cursed be the day he did it, and blessed be the day when no Jew name shall cloud the record of our colony. The sun will shine brighter and less biting frosts will turn things black unto decay. Hell is full of such destroyers of peace and hope.

Last year the paper was run at a loss of eight hundred dollars. It is about time to suspend publication of such rot as it has been filled with, for a year past. It is a stench in the nostrils of any decent thinking person and does more harm than good.

Moses will have one less chance to bring himself before the stockholders' notice, but he can write plausible letters and charge the colony twenty cents an hour, and have stamps and paper furnished him, to get proxies into his hands. The sixty-five listless dupes that put proxies into his keeping, will hear something to wake them up, one of these days. The yea editor that says he has always advocated justice, a quality he never possessed, cannot cover his tracks always, to the outside members. We

know his twisting, slinking character too well to be deceived by him in any way.

Moses Franklin's justice showed itself when he doctored the books to show that Brooks was in debt to the colony over one hundred dollars, when he was general manager, and Franklin as book-keeper, also to show that J. W. Smith as treasurer, was short eighteen dollars when in reality the colony was owing him nearly that amount.

In the case of Brooks he dug up the error when they were about to have an expert examine the books, then he acknowledged he was punishing Brooks to get even with him. This is his idea of justice. Who could trust such a man with his books or business and pay him to vent his own spite on people, far his superior in all respects.

These proxy senders never heard of this and many other such capers that he has cut, while he was piling up credits to add cost to their water. He has nearly always had a soft job of some kind and, like Tarkoff, worked some when they first went down to ingratiate themselves with the workers, and talk up their great plans of how to run a colony on business principles, both being great business men, in their own opinion, and now we see the results; an empty treasury, less than half of the working force, ditch standing idle, little or no money coming in, confidence destroyed, members selling credits at fifty percent., one hundred and twenty-five delinquent members on the books, winter near at hand, no flour or grain being hauled in, as in the two previous winters, supplies of all kinds short and seventeen hundred dollars debt hanging unpaid; yet these sheenies expect people to throw money in to them, and say they do not want advice, they want money.

Such supreme impudence could only come from the Jew. No other nationality could summon the gall to do

it. They would slink away, knowing how they had deceived the poor people they led into this ambush of difficulty, that they will not soon forget or recover from, as it is far reaching in its effects. No one who has not worked in colonies, can form any idea how easy it is to discourage people from paying in money and cause them to drop out entirely, after having paid considerable money. It is a common occurence.

If the promoters stop their work of recruiting by force of conditions that they cannot control, the colony loses ground rapidly and will soon topple over if such conditions last long. The recovery from any sickness to a healthy state is a slow process and requires good nursing and much patience, and the question comes to those who have nursed the Colorado Colony through former sickness; can it be done a third time? And if it can, will it not have another attack as soon as it gets well on its feet so it can do business?

It is always said, where there is life there is hope, and we cling to that which we love, though it be maimed and deformed from its original beauty to us. The poor old body that holds the spirit of intent is dear to us. This golden opportunity that nature has offered us is all there, waiting to be turned into nestling little homes, the same as four years ago. The San Miguel River flows by with as much vigor as four years ago. We have not diverted a drop out of the natural bed. We have tussled over and blasted out some of the solid rock for five miles, paralleling the undisturbed stream.

We have converted some ten thousand of the adjacent pine trees into lumber. We have made some little ribbons of roads for our own use, and have been the cause of a shorter and better road being made over the Uncom-

paghre Mountain from Montrose to Naturita, out of state funds, procured by our bill before the state legislature for that purpose through three sessions, before we got what was much needed.

We have two good saw mills and other machinery, teams, wagons, tools and printing outfit, which it takes time and money to acquire. We have much that is valuable for our purposes. Now shall we lose it all, and this splendid opportunity, for the sake of satisfying the whims of a few would-be leaders, who have found their way into our ranks, full of selfish or impractical designs, that lead to stagnation by the loss of valuable time and money, poorly spent in phantom plans that thus far, have turned into absolute failures? I, for one, do not like to see our plans cast to the four winds, to please anyone, much less a Jew.

Let us free the colony from entanglement of all kinds and put our shoulders to the wheel and lift ourselves out of the quagmire, and select a better class of people for the front work in the future and shut out large families until the ditch is out.

For every two that come in, there must be one good worker. Give them so much money and let them buy their own supplies. Give them so much garden space and let them raise their own stuff or do without, then you would see the boys and girls working in the garden under the direction of the mother. You would see less weeds then, in the colony garden, and more vegetables. You would see a cow, chickens and some pigs to each thrifty family.

There would be no room for the shiftless, floating drift wood to lodge and clog the stream. They would not anchor in our harbor, as they now do, to draw rations out

of the commissary and growl at the quantity and quality of the goods. They would move on and find some lazy, dead town, and live from hand to mouth the balance of their worthless days. Co-operation has no meaning to such people, unless it is that they are to be supported, they care not from what source. They swell like a dog tick, from stolen blood, and cry for more, more, more blood until they kill the dog that gave them life. The useful must die so they may live to infest the earth as weeds, that no scientist ever found what they were created for, excrescences that sap out an existence and turn the beautiful into scorn and withering decay.

They come as an epidemic, unbidden, unwelcome, to the home of industry, peace and plenty, and are as mistletoe that grows without drawing its own sustenance from air or earth, as vultures that are waiting for some carcass that has fallen, which they may devour, like the shark that follows the ship by instinct, knowing that some one must soon be turned over to them.

I linger on this subject, because of my contempt for any and all who want to live at the cost of other's labor. I cannot tolerate them or have any respect for them, and cannot see why anyone who is industrious and self-sustaining, would allow this class to live on their earnings. I would rather give an honest, industrious man ten dollars than to allow a professional dead-beat to play me for ten cents in any of the devious ways in common use by this class of law slippers. I have just as much respect for the man who holds you or me up, and takes his chances of being killed or sent to the penitentiary.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

Following our unended war with the Philippines and Spanish, defeat of the last named by our army and navy, comes the English and Boer war, which has been brewing for some time past, in South Africa.

Yesterday, October 12th, 1899, it is supposed some active conflict took place. The Boers are an independent people, who came from Holland to South Africa about one hundred years ago, as a colony, and are a quiet, religious people, mostly farmers, and not very progressive in the matter of money making, or taking the advantage of the resources of their adopted country, while the near neighbors, the Englishmen, always have an idea for mines or any enterprise in which there is a chance to make money, and the rich gold fields of South Africa have attracted thousands of them to the Transvaal country until they out-number the old settlers in their own land, and then demand citizen's rights, through their government, which has caused this eruption, and the Boers well knowing the aggressiveness of the Englishmen, refused through their president, Paul Kruger, to recognize this demand of franchise.

They well and fully understand English grab of territory under some pretense. They seem to want the world.

They have demonstrated their ability to possess and hold a large portion of it, and they certainly know how to handle colonial possessions, since their sad experience with the North American States who threw off their yoke, one hundred and twenty-five years ago, on account of high tax oppression and arrogance, which is peculiar to the British when they have power to enforce their will.

This they must have modified in their relations with colonies, as our Canadian neighbors are as loyal to the old country as the manor born Englishman. Australia and New Zealand seem very content, while Scotland pulls in the English yoke as though it were always on her neck, but the Green Isle subjects are still galled and would turn against the power that holds them in obeyance to Queen Victoria. There is no natural affinity between the two races, in anything and never can be. Oil and water will not mix. The Celts will never become willing subjects to Great Britain. They want independence and freedom in all things except religion. In this they are willing slaves. Superstition lurks in their nature and makes them fit subjects for the church, that draws the last penny out of them, so that the priest may indulge in luxury.

England would gladly form a combination with the United States of America for her own protection, as she is not in high feather with European powers, because of her bullying methods toward weaker nations. France recently had a taste of this at Fashoda. The German papers are teeming with good wishes for the Boers. Russia only wishes for a chance to test her fighting ability with England. She has not forgotten the Crimean war yet.

This petty jealousy of nations is to be much deplored by all right thinking people, but it may take thousands of years to evolve out of it. In some things we seem to advance rapidly while in others we are very slow. Arbitration should settle all national disputes and difficulties, instead of deadly contests, where the weak never get justice and the strong go unpunished. The Japanese settle nearly all differences among themselves by arbitration, even down to children's affairs. They do not

jump into courts for small offences, like the Americans. Why should great nations, who call themselves Christians, go to murdering each other like savages, to settle business matters? If they would establish a board of arbitration, they could do away with these great standing armies and navies that are eating cancers of idleness.

Turn the inventive genius that is now wasted on murderous arms and defences toward the comfort and happiness of man, instead of standing like ignorant Pat with chips on our soldiers waiting for some one to knock them off, so we may have a scrap and show our brutish proclivity, by goring each other and devastating our countries and leaving behind a wreck of cripples who must be pensioned, and a demoralized condition, reaching to unborn generations, long after the real actors have gone.

This is easily demonstrated by our own civil contest of nearly forty years ago. Crime of murder has almost doubled in America since the war ended. The children born to mothers who were directly interested in the war, had imparted to them the mother's inner feelings of spite against those on the opposite side, and this may follow for several generations to come, as other attentations cling and are manifest in many ways, not to be set aside.

We see in the good old state of Kentucky, where many of the best and noblest people that ever came into the world are born, that feeling of spite comes inborn against old family disagreements, and it is only the chance of ours or the others to survive, to bring on other generations.

One can only give one's opinion of wrong. A protest is like trying to stay the wind, or make it blow. All reforms come very slow. All departures from old methods of any kind, of whatever nature, it matters not how absurd,

are like parting with life blood, on which depends our existence.

Superstition is so mixed with our natures that we are glued to the thoughts and customs of those that came before us. The fog is only cleared away by some one who sees more clearly and has the bravery to assert what he or she believes and gradually, others see by the illustration thus made and the truth is established and accepted.

The Boers are massing troops around Ladysmith and some skirmishing has resulted in deaths on both sides and soon we expect to hear of a heavy battle being fought. England is making extensive preparations for a bloody war, more so than she ever did with powerful nations, as she realizes that these people are in dead earnest and will fight to the bitter end to save their homes from being taken under British rule and many an Englishman will bite the dust by Boer bullets, shot by well directed marksmen, as they are said to be, with stubborn courage behind the gun that sends them.

Cecil Rhodes is a man who has done more to bring on this war than anyone, by trying to force these people to grant his countrymen the right to vote and still hold their allegiance to England. This vote would be a controlling power in their hands, and they would not ask such rights from any nation fully able to meet them on any terms they might suggest. Rhodes has become very rich out of the mines in that country, which have been pouring millions of wealth into England's coffers for many years past.

Not satisfied with all this stream of gold and diamonds, they want the earth and all that it will contain or produce, and our own country with its three thousand millions and one billion syndicate, made up of multi-mil-

lionaires, is reaching out for more territory in the expansion doctrine of the G. O. P., headed by that tractable tool, McKinley, who was elected by bribery and counting out the majority in a number of States.

The shady pretense of this money power, not to assist the Cubans in their strife for freedom, is now very apparent as only a ruse to fire up the people and force the administration to action and cover up their plans of expansion and speculation. This country is not large enough for these swell corporations that are pinching the people into their terms on all the essentials of life, and at the same time can hardly find places to put their income. It is so enormous and wants new territory, and these near and distant islands will afford a new field of operation and others must be made subservient to the all-powerful accumulation of the favored few that sing the Siren song of more worlds to conquer, that we may teach them civilization and Christianity.

What a deceptive creature is man, who is always hiding his real motive in all that he does, to gain some advantage over his fellows.

March 3rd, 1900.

On February 27th, the British had their first victory over General Cronje, one of the Boer's leading commanders. He was retreating from Robert's and Kitchener's large army which got them hemmed in, in the bed of a river.

He has held fifty thousand of British troops at bay for nine days, with four thousand Boers, or about sixteen to one, but, being so greatly out-numbered, capitulated, it being the anniversary of the great battle at Majuba Hill, Minturn, years ago between the Boers and British forces, known as the Jamestown raid war, of that year. There,

as now, the Boers conquered the English in all contests, five to one.

These people are fighting the most powerful nation in the known world, excepting the United States of America. These two independent colonies united, would not equal Canada, New Zealand or Australia seperately, yet Great Britain has called troops from each of them as well as Scotland, Ireland and England, and all her great generals to command her two hundred thousands.

Five of her greatest commanders have been defeated and Buller four times in the past four months and, from all appearances, it will take four more months to capture these people, who are fighting for human rights and should succeed, and all lovers of liberty should rejoice at their every victory. Those that wear the shackles of tyranny in whatever form, and are satisfied with them are only menial, little superior to the chattel slaves, who can be sold at the will of their masters

A man that can sing "God Save the Queen" (or King) when common intelligence would tell him of their British ancestry which runs in their blood, is not a fit subject for liberty. He is a born slave, ready to bend his knee and bow his head to rotten royal blood that saps his birth right, through ignorance of nature's laws, that gave him equal rights with all human kind.

CHAPTER XXIX.

In taking up the raveled ends of colony history at this date, March 9th, I find that since the last special meeting, held September 27th, in Denver, very little, if any, progress has been made in any direction. More men have been employed on the ditch but in the matter of

employment, poor judgment has prevailed, and is still in the saddle driving the poor, jaded beast, as a beggar would a borrowed horse. Just how long he will stand the strain, is a matter of conjecture as luck and chance may continue to favor the rider, as we hold that the supposed over-ruling power has little to do with human action, unless there are two rulers running in opposition. One ruler could not be consistent in wisdom, as an ideal of justice coming from such an exalted source.

At the September meeting a well signed petition was presented for consideration. This petition was for the purpose of lessening the size of the ditch from eight to four feet on the bottom. This came from the resident stockholder to the outside stockholder as a feasible plan to become self-supporting as far as possible, on what this amount of water would irrigate. The plan was fully discussed and it was fully understood that no changes should be made in that part of the ditch from head gate to and across Cottonwood Creek, as much of this distance is flume work and grade, made at eight foot fall to the mile.

This is too rapid a fall for anything but wood or solid stone work to stand the cutting and pressure of water, and it was tacitly agreed that the flume bed should be laid as originally intended, with side boards high enough to carry four feet of water. On this understanding they got the unanimous consent of the members to make the change, and all felt satisfied.

What have we for the agreement made in good faith on our part? We have five months of time spent in tearing away what flume was built, and in its place, we have the attempt to make a ditch on the flume bed, by piling stone on the outer bank and covering it with loose dirt.

All past experience has taught ditch owners and engineers that water running at such a fall, will wear its way through any such temporary construction, especially so when the canal is made on the side of the mountain, and subject to heavy summer rains that come down the sides in sheets and carry rock and all loose debris with great force, causing the ditch to overflow in any weak place it may find and it will cut a great gap in a very short time, that will take days to repair, at no small cost.

The control has been admonished and cautioned about this danger when we see great stones, weighing tons, that have been carried down some of the small drains where the water concentrates, and flumes must be provided with passage ways either over or under, to prevent its destruction at such a time, by heavy boulders that wash loose and come down with terrific force; but in the face of all this self-evident proof, these self-wise people persist in spending time in this unwise experiment, at their own risk and that of all connected with it. Possibly it may stand and be of some benefit. As they seem to have been favored in some respects, they may be in this, and we sincerely hope they will be.

Exploiting at the risk of others who are not able to bear the expense, is not honest or just, when they object to it, and this is certainly what is being done at this time in Pinon. They act more like owners than agents or servants, imitating the officeholder who comes humbly, before he gets elected, to ask a chance to serve the people, but when once he knows he is safe in office, the manners of a master are assumed and he seems to think that he owns the office and the people who gave it to him. If he does not embezzle in his first term he is sure to do it in his second, if he cannot bribe himself into a third term

and escape the penitentiary. He is not an expert and must fall back into the ranks, never to rise above the surface again.

How silly is the ambition of man to be something among his fellows, that will bring forth their idolatry, and how often the bubble bursts and leaves him in abandonment to the cruel thrusts of treachery that are lurking on his path. Man's inhumanity to man is so often repeated that hardly one escapes the sting, who lives to maturity, and trembling old age is not excepted but goes tottering to the grave, feeling that relief from this strange cruelty that haunts human life, is only found in death.

Does all this come from an all-wise providence that we hear so much about, who made all things perfect and made the highest type of intelligent beings so cruel to each other. There must be a screw loose somewhere, that needs looking alter, by this all-wise creator.

There is a religious way of screening this great mistake of this mighty power and that is to lay it on the creator of all evil, "His Majesty," who equals the Trinity in holding his own over mankind. His business is not so largely advertised as in the past, though he seems to be at the old stand, and has some very active agents at Pinon, so we should judge he is on the side of trusts, which are capering under the disguise of Christianity.

Also a small agency in Denver has been stirring up the embers to make a flame, by lying through the daily papers of this city in the past week. One Martin Locher showed his hand in one or two sputtering articles like throwing grains of powder on the fire, and it had about as much effect on the mind of anyone who is acquainted with this erratic creature. He is never so happy as when in a controversy. Peace and harmony are like slow poison

to his existence. He is so full of venom that it is a wonder he lives through dog days in August, and does not bite himself, as some kinds of snakes do.

This human misfit is doing his best to cause all the trouble he can, between the Denver Club of colonists and the Pinon people, ever since he took sides with the Tarkoff faction, that made such a muddle of colony affairs two years ago. He then made himself so obnoxious to a large majority that he was expelled from the club and, for some time after, persisted in attending the meetings so he might throw a fire brand into some combustible matter that would do some damage to those he had attempted to injure by his frantic assertions, but silent contempt wore on his tempestuous nature, by closing his mouth so that he could not stand the pressure and he has quit his personal appearance to quench his thirst in seeking a chance to bubble, through the press, now and then. This alone keeps him out of trouble. Such an advocate never advances the cause he espouses, it matters not how good it may be in principle, or how necessary for the advancement of man. It is often said that cranks move the world to action. This may to some extent, be true but we think a steady puller is far preferable and effects greater reforms in a given time than the extreme agitator who shoots through space like a meteor that heats by friction, and buries itself in the ground to lay in silence. The steady puller makes sure of his way at every step, and gains confidence that aids in all reforms that are lasting and necessary to our good and happiness. The emotional is not the enduring element in our natures, as it is formed on sensational thought, that is not nurtured by reason. Extreme agitators are short-lived before the public and go to oblivion if they strike a discordant note,

which they are apt to do, in their over-zealous desire to create a sensation, to render themselves famous.

CHAPTER XXX.

On April 1st, 1900, a meeting of the Denver members was held, to consult on the publication of a small sheet in the interests of all stockholders of the Colorado Co-operative Colony, who might be laboring under some misapprehension of the true, inside management of the colony affairs at Pinon, as the colony organ, "The Altrurian," is so strongly partisan in its reports, that many of us have doubted its reliability in many of the statements, that go out to the distant stockholders, who have no other source to gain information of their interests.

The situation is so highly colored, that the conservative member who does not analyze and put this and that together, to see if they will dovetail and make close fitting truth the basis of their call on them for help, that the unsuspecting member who only gleans, after the harvest is gathered, will get little for his trouble if not informed. So we are taking this method to see if it will do any good to awaken them from their alluring dreams of security, by telling the actual facts. We well know that we are jabbing a torch into a hornets' nest that will cause a buzz and sting of the whole swarm.

It is against our wishes to antagonize, but time is being wasted and money squandered, as is shown by their own reports and the cost of water is climbing up so far in advance of all expectations, that no poor man can afford to have more than five acres and pay cash for it, and only those who have a chance to pile up credits for their work, can use their forty acres. They will compose the landed

aristocracy on equality ground. The bottom rail will be on top, while the original design will fall flat by compulsion of circumstances, showing the absurd side of co-operation turned on edge.

This is only the product of unbalanced pessimistic traits cropping out in the human mind that has made life a battle from the earliest record up to the present time. No nation or people, no matter how well disposed to have peace and harmony, can exist long without intrusion from some quarter. They must meet the foe, beat him or be beaten.

Only recently the general manager said, in a sarcastic letter to one of the Denver members: "Do your best, in your schemes to down us, and we will meet you half way." This is a fine spirit to exhibit in a mutual interest enterprise that needs every spoke in the wheel to sustain the load. It looks as though they wanted to antagonize for a purpose that is behind all they do. Who knows what this purpose is, that stimulates them to act so arrogantly? There is cause for suspicion that the almighty dollar is lurking in some place not far distant, ready to jump into placed hands that are moved by a mind as false as Old Nick was ever painted, and we know we have some that would sell their souls for a mess of pottage, regardless of the suffering man or woman who has put hard earned dollars into this, believing that it would at some future time, give them a home, safe from the spoilsman and trustman that never works but lives on the toil of others, and we warn the member who dares barter to sell our enterprise out to any monopoly or corporation, so that a few individuals may reap a part of the spoils cast to them for their traitorous part, played in robbing others, equally, if not more interested than they.

This is presidential election year again, and the principals of elected and defeated candidates of 1896, are almost certain to be nominated at the coming convention. President McKinley on the Republican side and that greatest living American, W. J. Bryan, on the Democratic. Just who will be chosen on either side as vice-president is as yet quite uncertain. There are many possible names mentioned. Among these are Gov. Roosevelt of New York, as a war horse hero of roughrider fame, in the Spanish War, on the Republican, and Fred. Williams of Massachusetts, or Townsend, Silver Republican, of Minnesota, on the Democratic side. Either of them are able men and statesmen, far superior to Roosevelt and are solid for silver and against imperialism. Mr. Bryan has made many friends in the past year by mingling with the people in all sections of our country. His plain matter-of-fact arguments are convincing, to any man that has a head and brain that can stop to think. He has the happy faculty of never losing his temper or giving himself away under any impulse, or allowing anyone to lead him into saying something that could be used in a campaign contest against him, and he tells the truth.

Few men are so well poised as Mr. Bryan. No other man has ever made so many speeches in so short a time as he, and not made some slip between the cup and the lip, in some unguarded moment, or allowed some one to do it for him. His clean character is much in his favor, and his determination to hold himself above reproach, is a power, when there are so many worthy men that are besmirched by some act that is eternally haunting them.

Sterling Morton made an attempt to besmirch Mr. Bryan by stating that he had old letters in which he was quoted as saying he wanted some small office in Nebraska

for the money that was in it, and was asking Mr. Morton's assistance to get this office. At that time Mr. Bryan was a young attorney, who had come to Lincoln, Nebraska, to make a start in life, and Mr. Morton thought he carried Nebraska in his vest pocket, at least the Democratic part of it, still they never took much stock in him, outside of Otoe County, and they got very tired of his dictatorship and deserted him, one by one, until he had only a few that could see his greatness and, when he accepted the crumb of Secretary of Agriculture, under that gold-monger, Cleveland, he had to be a gold bug, and swallow all his former intentions of ever being a silver candidate.

To do Cleveland's bidding as a gold man, he must talk and write and on one occasion, he made himself more despised, as he plainly exhibited his ignorance as a puppet, under power of that most miserable pretense of a man, who was then president and got his price as traitor to his party or that part of it that voted for him in conjunction with the money power that had him pledged for his second term, to do their dirty work, and no president of our nation ever went out of the White House with less regrets than he did with his pile of gold. If he had had any respect for himself he would have gone to some far-off country and secluded himself from the nation he had disgraced.

It is not much different with McKinley except that he is not a drunken bloat, dulled to all sensibility to everything that is decent in manhood, if he is a purchased president. But what a tool he is, an automatic man run by machinery, oiled by the sweat of millions, who must labor under disadvantages made by the power that gave him office, and now the blood of the far-off Philippines must flow and the American tax payer must wiggle under

the burden to carry out the behests of this same grasping, grinding machinery that is fast floating our country to the end of freedom, (only in name)

Millions will again come forth to elect the same tool that has served them so well, and fools will bind themselves in chains, a few links tighter than before if their votes will count to do it, some for a few dollars, some from ignorance of the real situation, and many for the party that never had any too good a name for honor and integrity, and now has none. Yet thousands cannot drop from it. Though they saw the country sinking and themselves hungry and in rags, they would lay it to some other cause.

Mr. Bryan, if elected with a decent congress behind him, would revolutionize the whole system and make it so uncomfortable for the trusts, corporations, banks and imperialists, that they would lose their power and seek new fields to plant their dishonor in. England is best suited for gents of their rank. No other country would want them or tolerate them. Not even the Turks would be disgraced by such men.

The Admiral Dewey presidential boom met with such universal coldness that it died at birth. It was so unexpected, coming from a man that had so emphatically repudiated all thought or desire of such intention, on many occasions, giving good sound reasons why he did not want any such honor heaped upon him, as he had all he desired in that line and was satisfied, that he was not a politician and had no desire to be one, and people took him at his word believing that he meant just what he said, no more nor less, as they judged by his actions that gained him his renown as a man of few words, and those full of meaning that could not be mistaken.

But this hero has his weakness like most men and flattery has brought it to light, and he has made his several mistakes, first in accepting the Washington home as a gift from a few enthusiasts and then deeding it to his newly married wife, who was wealthy in her own right. This little episode should have taught him a lesson to look well before he leaped, when he was dealing with the public.

The American people can turn more summersaults in a shorter time and for less provocation than any people on earth. If some man or woman climbs high in their estimation, they go wild and name all the children after that person if the spell lasts long enough. If it is a man they want to make him president whether he is a statesman or not, hence we have had a lot of generals in that high office. Some of them filled the position creditably and ably, while others only passably. But if this man makes a few unpopular blunders, they can send him on the down grade of disgrace and obscurity faster than anyone ever dreamed of. The press can make or unmake sentiment with such freedom that few people care to place their feet on the threshold of publicity, to be kicked and cuffed by some anxious reporter that wants to make a reputation for himself, regardless of how much he may injure you in some thoughtless way.

The bubble of fame is very thin and brittle, and is more enduring after one is dead, but does not always escape rough usage then. Despoilers are always on the alert and their jealousy pushes them to dig up the dead for food to satisfy that abnormal appetite that is burning within their depraved natures. This has been done time and again, and will continue while time lasts.

Mr. Dewey must look well to his laurels if he wishes

to retain them untarnished, and a presidential canvas would give a wider field for opposition to manufacture scandal that he never dreamed of, out of shadows of truth and if he still hankers for more honors, he may reach the end of his joys in sorrow, as U. S. Grant did, as there is such a state of mind that nothing can satisfy, and Grant reached that point when he said that people had no gratitude. He was like a spoiled child that had been humored beyond all reason. Every honor had been heaped upon him, yet he did not respect the people that did it, enough to keep sober in their presence.

As I have said before, man worship is repulsive to me, when it goes beyond a certain limit, and it is senseless and wrong to make a fool of a man that might otherwise be a good man. True greatness would not admit of sycophancy. Washington, Jefferson and some others of their type and time felt above this lick-spittle fawning that is so common in our country now. Only very recently, some American ladies visited Queen Victoria for the purpose of raising a hospital fund for English soldiers in South Africa, who are there to crush out the liberty loving people, the Boers, for no other cause but greed and tyranny. This is the sort of sycophantic mothers we now have in our vaunted, liberty loving America, where this same nation of tyrants tried twice to conquer our forefathers. Oh shame, on such fawning fools.

This coterie of soft-heads felt highly honored that they were admitted into her majesty's great presence and, when returning, bowed themselves out backward. Damnable fools that the fool-killer missed in his last round.

Many years ago John Van Buren, son of President Martin Van Buren visited England and had the young Queen Vic's invitation to call at the palace and did so,

and when ushered into her august presence, she extended her hand for him to kiss and he clasped it with his, and gave her a square kiss in the mouth. This was the true American style that should always prevail, irrespective of any royal blood or custom of royalists, as they are no more and no better than other people and are very likely to be much worse in morals and all that constitutes good people. A free born, true American would never place himself in a position to require him to truckle for favors of such far-fetched mockery that has held sway among these titled gentlemen.

It is time people should come to their senses and see that by nature we are all born free and equal, and one is only superior to another by their deeds. A king, a queen, a czar or emperor is of no superior blood, flesh and bones, than you or any other decent human being with all the toggery that you can hang on their bodies or all the titles you can write before or after their father's and mother's names, and all may fall short of making them good or generous in the calls of life.

Mr. Bryan in his plain apparel, who meets his fellow-man on common ground and shakes his hand, though it may be rough and horny from daily toil, is a far greater man than any king that holds his title by inheritance or the shifting of conditions that throws the mantle of honor on any undeserving shoulders, that they never earned. He is greater by a higher intelligence and sense of human rights, that mingles with his fellow-man, as does Mr. Bryan, with feelings of equality not known or felt by any potentate that ever wore regal wool or a silken scarf, and has his person covered with unearned badges of honor, and I sincerely hope to see Mr. Bryan made president of our nation, and if I do, will not have cause to change my opinion of him as a man, citizen or president.

Thurman, of Ohio, was my ideal for that high position, but, like Henry Clay of Kentucky, fate would not allow it. Some might say Destiny was against them, but availability had more to do with it. They were truly great men and statesmen, well equipped for the position. They were generals of a civil sort, that should outrank the military, as one is earned by a long term of intellectual tests, while the other is more often earned in a single act or accident that favors the victor, and thousands will share a part if properly credited, in the victory that served to make our man great, while the private dies in the ditch and the subordinate officers stand in the fore and the great general is at a distance, safe from harm, dispatching his orders. This is a trade, learnead as mechanics learn a trade. Some are good and skillful while others are indifferent.

CHAPTER XXXI.

This great gathering of wonders, the Paris Exposition, is now open, but not in full blast, as the hordes from the way off countries, have not begun to move, and only the exhibitors' agents are on hand to arrange goods and machinery and other preliminaries to perfect full order for the million eyes to see, later on. The genius of the French people, in forecasting big exhibitions, is well understood by the world, and the Chicago Exposition of 1893, will seem tame in comparison to the present one. They name thirty-five wonders that are unusual in conception, namely: the sea beach, water pumped one hundred and twenty-five miles, a great telescope that brings the moon so close that it seems but one mile away, an active volcano, the palace of light, with walls of glass, studded with precious stones, a subteranean world, show-

ing how the richest gold and silver mines look and are worked, a diamond worth two million, an enchanted house with everything upside down where people seem to walk like flies on the ceiling, moving sidewalks on which you can stand still and see the whole exposition, a statue of solid gold worth two hundred thousand dollars, the bottom of the ocean with a sunken ship and strange submarine life, the American corn palace with walls of corn stalks and tower of corn cobs, a monster wheel, twice the size of the Ferris wheel, the Eifel tower one thousand feet high, a wine cask forty-five feet high, a dancing pavilion on its end; these are a few of those specially named wonders of man's genius, which comes with the years of progress.

In my short life time I have seen wonderful improvements, from the lumbering old stage coach to the palace car, on which you can have every comfort of a hotel, and fly along at the rate of a mile a minute, with safety; from the old single engine steamboat from which you could hear the escaping steam four hours before the boat came in sight to the double engine palace that will skim along in silence: from the old waterlogged ship to the great steamer of five thousand horse power engines that cross the ocean in a few days, when it formerly took weeks, and sometimes months, if they had calms, head winds, or storms; from the slow mail to telegraphy, from single to triple message, then telephones, so you can distinguish the voice of your friend, a thousand miles away and chat as though you were face to face, and the phonograph, that imitates any sound made into its recepter; from the old tallow dip candles, for light, along the line of camphine, to coal oil; from coal and water gas to electric light; from the old street omnibus to horse cars, and

from cable to electric and compressed air and soon we will have automobiles that will run independent of tracks or wires along common roads, and stop on either side of the street for passengers, and the nuisance of horses to draw vehicles will die and be of the past in cities. They are a dangerous dirty nuisance, that will be good riddance in many respects, and when the old rumbling iron-tired wagon is relegated to the country or put away, that will stop the eternal noise that is irritating in a crowded city, and I am glad to see the rubber tire innovations in many light vehicles and carriages. A good substitute for rubber will soon be on the market, that need not be taken from trees in some far-away tropical climate in limited quantities.

In some things the world moves rapidly; in others, oh, how slow! So many that would be optimistic in their sentiments and actions are held in obeyance to the pessimistic sentiment on certain subjects that have worn out its usefulness, if it ever had any, long years ago. I have just read a Swiss gentleman's opinion of the Yankee as he terms all Americans (this is his mistake) and he is much surprised as to our honor as compared with the preconceived opinions formed of us which prevail in his own and other countries, that we are a rude set of people, cheats and scoundrels, and that one is hardly safe on public highways, or in the hands of our officials.

In all this he was agreeably disappointed, as he says he found himself free to go where he pleased and was treated kindly and civilly. If this was so evident to him in the North Eastern States, had he traveled to the far Western and Southern States, he would have had a greater admiration for American urbane outspoken civility than he has expressed.

It is a noticeable fact that a cold shyness prevails the farther East one goes, traveling from the West. The people act cold and suspicious of strangers of their own nationality and gentility. You can hardly lead them into any conversation and they will answer a direct question with the fewest possible words. They seem locked up in their own affairs or are afraid of confidence men playing them.

This is far different in the West. They have no pinched indifference about them. There is a healthy freedom in their looks and actions that betoken a hale fellow well met, ready to oblige you in any reasonable way, share their lunch, divide their beds, tobacco and cigars. They are not afraid of being taken in, feel able to take care of themselves if the stranger manifests any disposition to go beyond the line of demarcation of a gentleman. They are happy themselves and wish all others to share with them.

The Southern gentleman is of a different style, full of hospitality and kindness, easy of approach, despises conventional customs and pinched-up meaness, glories in his family blood, is easy to offend and strong in his resentment of a wrong, and often goes to the extreme in retaliation. This is one of his greatest faults, aside from his bluster and pride. He is a good companion and friend that you can rely on in most cases.

This Swiss critic spoken of, hits some of our faults squarely and one of these he names, is our thirst for gold. He says this desire leads the investigator of us to think we are, as a class, dishonest. Another fault is our lack of moral courage to be outspoken about religion, especially so when we are in business that may be affected by our

avowal of beliefs or disbeliefs that may antagonize popular opinion. He says an atheist would say grace at the table in contradiction to his own opinions. This is hypocritical, if true, and I am inclined to believe it has many grains of truth in it, as I have experienced some such many times when I said, for one, I did not accept the Bible as an inspired book, that I did not know much or care much about it one way or the other, those that chose to believe in it were welcome to all they could get out of it. I have shocked men that had no ear marks of religion in their actions or life persuits, and never had. They were loose and not honorable or humanitarian and never thought of the golden rule as a compact between man and man, as necessary or obligatory on themselves.

In our opinion there is no higher cast of religion than this rule teaches. It covers all the ground that leads to unselfishness and if we could unself ourselves, harmony and good will would exist between us and that would fit us for any condititon that an after-life would require. It would be a heaven on earth certainly as compared to anything known to man, as all history has told of strife and wars and there would never be war, only because of our selfishness. The money is the root, tree and branch of all evil acts. They are one in the bond that makes misery, and who can tell what it is all for, when all things tell us this world is but a fleeting show to man's delusion given, and that all we may gather about us is only borrowed from the storehouse of nature, while the lamp of life burns. When our light is turned out there is a scramble for what we have left behind and we are soon forgotten by the new stage managers who set the play to suit themselves, not respecting our wishes in matters they think do not concern us.

The unending generations come and go like the seasons, that cover the earth with verdure in the Spring to give beauty for a short time, then to be blasted and turned back to earth again by the frost of time, fulfilling the law of reproduction that nature forces upon all that live and die.

All this must have a purpose that reaches beyond all that we can see or know here, and it resolves into the thought, if a man dies shall he live again? And how? And where? And for what purpose? Is it for his own pleasure and good, or for a higher aim than that which has crippled and deformed him here? If all this that individualizes us here is lost in transition, will it be for all eternity or shall it finally make a full rounded ego of all the links of a perfect chain of life? This is our natural thought of this great mystery that veils our intellect.

Soliloquizing about this that concerns us most when we are through here, we wonder if we are never to graduate and have something to say about our own destiny, or are we to be mere puppits in the hands of a master manipulator that moves us on and on, call it God, if you please, nature or force of nature, any pet name that is fitted to this wonderful cosmic of the universe and we the little toys that play our part and depart.

As to our coming, going or staying, it seems of little matter beyond our immediate selves, or families. The small speck of our entity is like a drop of water on the ocean's bosom. It makes but one little ripple and is dissolved in the great body and becomes a part of the whole and some are of the opinion that we as spirits may be massed in the same way, but to our minds our own individuality must never be lost or be interwoven so as to lose

our identification or personality, which, to the human mind, is our gift or inheritance that should never leave us.

This may be bigotry on our part as in our ignorance of what the future might be, we are not capable of judging from our standpoint whether we would be like a new born child in this and would be moulded to suit new conditions, and not care for that which we adhered to and enjoyed here. The new birth is often spoken of by dealers with the future, in which it is somewhat ambiguous as to meaning. Some say it is accepting religion that is necessary for a through ticket on their particular road to the Kingdom of Heaven where they speak of angels harps and gold paved streets that would meet a goldbug's ideal of Heaven, only the pavement would be in danger and he might form a trust on harps and angel wings.

For our part we are willing to accept what comes, even if it is nonentity, as we came here without being consulted and have not fared badly. We are willing to accept the change, whatever it may be, and take chances on our chosen road for safety. If any change in opinion takes place after one has lived past three score and ten and two years, something very much stronger in evidence must come than ever has been presented, while younger and more susceptible opinions are things that cannot be bartered and changed, if they are founded on experience and are of any value and not substantially built on fanaticism and superstition.

The proof sheets of time make our own opinions and they become a part of us and we would be a blank sheet without them and nothing seems so flat and uninteresting as senility, without opinions or knowledge, a mere living machine that gathers no moss in the journey of life. The phonograph can hold great speeches on its parafine roller,

and can hold the record in little tiny markings for ages and repeat in exactness. Why should man, the maker, be less than the machine? The unfortunate idiot has our sympathy. It might have been our own fate. The once intelligent but now insane being causes more sympathy.

What does the oft repeated saying of a ripened old age mean if one does not store up knowledge and have opinions. My old, revered friend, Mr. Alexander Majors, mentioned in the fore part of this sketch, and who has since passed away from us, in his eighty-fourth year, in Chicago, was a man of ripened years in the full sense of the term. When a young man and until sixty, he was a fervent religionist, so much so that he distributed Missionary Bibles by the thousand to those he employed and at Sunday School he attended, where his large business took him, all over the West. But a change came over this enthusiast in religious matters. He became a free-thinker and was extremely liberal in all his views.

He told me personally that he had found reason for this radical change and was glad that he had gotten his eyes open and nothing would cause him to retract. He was the same good man of former years, full of good cheer, always saying when passing a friend, that he never felt better in his life. His little book, "Seventy Years in the Far West," is very interesting and instructive and very truthful, and it is worth anyone's time to read it.

Strange to say, Mr Majors never had any school education and when doing a large business, employing five thousand men, filling large contracts, he could only sign his name mechanically. Later on he learned to read, and a more interesting man to converse with, it was hard to find, using good language and having fine descriptive powers. He was a self made man who would forge to

the front and be respected by all men as he was honest, truthful and kind. He is another of that class of men that pioneered the West and founded towns and cities for the coming generations. They are passing away, one by one, having done their part, and will live in history. Peace and good will to them.

CHAPTER XXXII.

I must not forget to say something about the risk of mining and my blind nephew, William Redman.

It is no uncommon item of news to see recorded in our daily press that some one has been blown up, or has fallen down a mine shaft, by the breaking of a rope or ladder on which they descend and ascend from their work. The handling of high explosives is never safe, yet miners become careless and often lose their lives or are maimed for life. The warming process of dynamite in warm water or in their hands, to soften it, is like risking life. Again they attempt to pick out an unfired shot which is in the way, which is very dangerous work, as the least jar may explode the death-dealing stuff.

Sometimes a shot will linger so long without exploding that the miner feels sure it is dead and may get near it, under this belief, and lose his life, or be torn almost to pieces and live. This was the fate of my nephew. He lost both eyes and his face was filled with little bits of stone, his nose split and left arm broken in a dozen places.

He and his partner were doing what is termed assessment work on an unpatented claim. So much work must be done each year to hold the claim by law or it is in jeopardy and is liable to a refiling. This claim was some distance from other mining camps and difficult to reach

in the rugged mountain side, not far from a precipice, and when the poor man found he could not see he begged his partner to put him out of his misery, and while his partner had gone for help to carry him down from this precipitious place, he tried to crawl over the steepest place so he might end his life but, in his confusion, could not find it. The help came and with great difficulty they got him to Alma, Park County, Colorado. There a physician did the best he knew, in dressing his many wounds.

His cousin, T. E. Meanea, of Denver, on the call of a telegram, went immediately after him and brought him to his home on Platte St. and called a German surgeon of some renown, but it was a failure as no poor man suffered more from not having a skilled surgeon, than he, and he might have lost his life, only this miserable pretender got thrown from his horse and so crippled himself that he could not tend him and sent his partner, a worse quack if possible, than himself.

This caused a change of doctors and they condemned the treatment he had received and said blood poisoning had taken place and that the end was not far. But in their great wisdom, they consulted and determined to amputate his broken arm to save his life. We all protested against this move and he got well in spite of five butchers that bandaged too tight and gave poison that would have killed any but one with an iron constitution. That arm and hand have been of much service to him in his darkened life. Outside of the doctors, no one could have had better or more careful nursing than he had from his cousin, brothers, aunt and cousin's wife. When he got so he could travel he went to his father's home in Marshall, Missouri, and after a time, found a young lady that was willing to make many sacrifices to marry him in

his sad condition, and to them was born a son who is now nine years old and a great comfort to his parents and the home is made more cheerful by his young, bright life, that entered in where it is much needed.

Mr. Redman was a very ambitious young man when this great calamity came upon him to darken his life. Though totally blind and a cripple, his mind was active and he still hoped to gain from his mine near Alma, known as the Champion, a competency that would give him the comforts of life, and not having means to develop it, he formed a company and sold stock which gave him considerable cash, and the mine was leased and is now being worked to some advantage to all concerned, and may in time prove a valuable mine as it has all the indications to make it one.

On the basis of his prospects he got married and built a home in Marshall. He had considerable money due him from parties in and about Alma, and had some cash loaned to an old friend of his father and the family, but not secured, only by note, and this old friend failed and never made an effort to save this helpless man, and has ignored the debt of fifteen hundred dollars entirely, and others took advantage of his situation to defraud him. This shows plainly to the world that some people are masquerading under the guise of honesty until an opportunity comes to show their real character.

These are the people who, when in distress themselves, cry aloud for help and find great fault with all who do not come to their aid. If the X-rays could be made strong enough to penetrate the grey matter that makes a man a rogue, and have him branded by order of his government, it would be of great benefit to those who are honest and willing to earn all they get.

The honest man is taxed in every conceivable way to guard himself against the rogues, courts, juries, sheriff's police, jails, penitentiaries, safes, etc., and his home is invaded. Nothing is safe from the intrusion of this wolf in sheep's clothing.

The little paper, started by the members of the Denver Club, in relation to colony matters, has out its second issue, and matter for the third issue, as the first stirred up the whole nest of hornets to say something in the last "Altrurian," that needs the attention of "Equality," to tell them of their short-comings, and if they retaliated in the first issue, the second one will set them wild as it is full of facts and figures, taken from their own reports of their great business effort, which they cannot explain by any juggling, such as has been swallowed by some and overlooked by others in the past.

Mr. Gibbs attempts to lay the fault on the printers but that will not go, as we have his written report, which corresponds to the one published in the colony organ, and no expert has been able to tell from his figures what he means, yet this distant correspondent living in Brooklyn, N. Y., extols this management to the skies, and finds fault with what I wrote him three years ago, about the progress of things as they then were reported to me. I could only give him what I had and gave no more nor less.

At that time they were making good headway with the sort of ditch they had decided to build but by the advice of some one more experienced in the weight and pressure of water, they decided to change to a more solid and enduring plan that counted for much more labor than the first projector had thought of. Now, three years

later, a wild-headed Johnny Englishman takes me to task for this report to him, while he has been reading the colony paper from the beginning of his investigation to this time, to get colony information.

Such foolish vaporings should not be noticed by me, but as this book will contain more colony data than will be put in print by anyone else, I wanted to set myself right, before those who are interested. All the old guards who do not know just where they stand are hesitating, while the Denver contingent have come to the front, and caused them to chatter like parrots and monkeys to counteract facts.

"Just what we wanted," said one. Let the philosophers tell their own tale. If they swear a horse is sixteen feet high, instead of sixteen hands, all right. It will only make them that much more ridiculous in what they attempt to make the stockholder believe, and may set some of them to thinking and finally, to acting. We have no object but to save the colony from final collapse and the loss of one of the best opportunities ever presented to the poor people.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

Looking backward to youth, within the past few days I have met a lady acquaintance of my youthful days. She married at the age of sixteen and left St. Louis, for Fairfield, Iowa, soon after and we have never met until now. Fifty-one years have passed over our heads in that interval, and we are both well and cheerful as in youth. Both have had our sad experiences and our pleasures. Both have seen, one by one, our relatives and friends pass away until we stand as lonely as an old oak tree bereft of

its limbs, standing alone as landmarks of our generation which shared our joys, fifty-one years ago.

To some this might seem a sad thought, but to me it is all right. Being inevitable it must be all right, or nature would not so decree it.

Henrietta Fleishman, now Mrs Cole, was a handsome, vivacious, young girl, full of hope and joy, that made her company very fascinating for young men of my age. Her mother was a widow left to care for a mother, herself and three children, James, Sublect and Henrietta, the middle one. Time and death scattered them as the Autumn leaves are scatted after a chilling frost comes, and to-day we meet to talk over those that were friends and companions of the long past, to us who count the days, months and years, in our calendar of life, that is slipping by so silently, yet so steadily.

In youth we were impatient to reach maturity. After we pass the meridian and get on the down grade, time goes too fast and we become alarmed at our velocity. We watch others of our age, as time marks appear. These mile posts are plain, as each decade is counted. The once erect, elastic form begins to stoop, and we lower the head, the step becomes more uncertain and finally stiff and clumsy until the cane is a constant companion and aid. The muscles of the face get too flabby to hold the flesh in place. The once brilliant, full eye loses its charm and almost refuses to act as it did in youth.

If we did not get used to ourselves as we go along, we would need some one to introduce us to ourselves, and as strange as it seems, when we look at our pictures taken in youth, we have a sensation of how green we must have looked and do not feel so bad about the marks that have transformed every feature from one extreme to the other,

and we think we are not such homely creatures after all. if the house in which we live is somewhat weather beaten, Pride lives within and holds the citadel as of yore.

Henrietta holds her own very well. Old Father Time has dealt kindly with her, giving her good health, a cheerful and happy disposition and plenty of flesh to round up with, and push away the intruding wrinkles that are modest little crow feet at first, but deepen so on lean faces like mine, as to resemble a sweet apple that had lingered on the tree all winter and had frozen and thawed out a number of times, brown and drawn up with wrinkles.

My only consolation is that I am not an old dandy, so slick and smooth that a fly could not find a resting place on my person. Such old chaps are too precise to have any comfort themselves or allow anyone else to enjoy life and are generally so stiff and opinionated that they look with indifference on lesser lights that may come within their august personal range, making themselves more disagreeable than young fools.

A stuffy, puffy, nervous old man or woman is so cranky that one must laugh low or only smile, in his or her presence. Such a one is a nuisance and is a fit subject for the embalmer. When a boy, I resolved if I lived to old age there would be one old man that would not be crusty and chilly to everything about him, and now at the age of seventy-two, I can enjoy the company of old, young or middle age as well as I ever did in my life, and can enter into fun and joke better than ever before, as my age gives me freedom that I could not enjoy before and I hope this will continue to the end of my human life.

I am glad to see my old friend, Mrs. Cole, so jolly and up-to-date in all her views about life. There is little left for us to live for if we get soured in old age. Intelligence and cheerfulness are our only attractive features. The younger day blush has gone. We are looked upon as back numbers that the dust of time has settled upon. Some are thoughtful of us, while others have no respect for gray hairs or a trembling step and let us shift for ourselves. The last named will make the most pitiful cry for help when their time comes to sip from the cup that is being prepared for them. Then only, will they realize.

Fortunately for myself, I have not needed sympathy or help on account of age or anything of that nature. I have all my faculties as acute and vigorous as at any time in my life and hope to retain them, but may not. No one can tell what may come in a day or moment. Personal independence as far as being able to help ourselves and have our opinions untrammeled morally, religiously or politically, is a great boon. One that must speak what he believes under his breath, as in secret, is not a free person. He is a slave to other people's opinions.

I never wish to offend anyone with what I believe or disbelieve. That is not my intent or desire at any time, but I am so plain spoken about false notions that prevail, when all should see them as they would the noon day sun, that I am perhaps more emphatic in my expressions than I should be, but I have very little policy in my composition and what I think is not hidden or cloaked, from fear, yet no one has more tender consideration for good people than myself, especially those that have all the sorrows that they can bear, from sickness or unavoidable misfortune. Those in health and affluence can care for themselves

and do not need sympathy and I am not drawn to them.

An innocent old lady, Grandma Crabtree, was laid away yesterday (that is, her aged body was) at Riverside Cemetery, by the side of her two little grandchildren, Ella and Jennie Gallatin, who passed away some years ago. They were my son's and her daughter's children and had their lives been spared, would have been young ladies of seventeen and nineteen years of age.

This kind, charitable old lady was born in England, eighty years ago, lacking a few days. Her birth was not in luxury or in hope of a crown or any high honor from the Queen's hand, but to labor in a factory and be satisfied with an humble life and what pleasures might come through her family and friends. Her amiable disposition always brought friends and admirers and many tears were shed by those who saw her placid face and snow white hair for the last time, May 6th, 1900.

The vacant chair at the little home, at my son's, whose roof has been her welcome shelter for many years, while their joys were her joys, their sorrow her sorrow. The care of the children and their safety from harm was her constant thought, to the last moment of her life. No one could have more devotion and solicitude than she manifested toward Lida, Albert and Joseph, but they, as children, do not fully realize what has gone from them in warm and enduring affection that came from a true heart. Her dutiful daughter, Anna, is the one that will feel more deeply than anyone of the household. Their mutual feelings and interests of long standing had united them in a closer bond of relationship than blood alone could make, but the time of parting was long deferred by Father Time.

His call is never quite welcome while the weary body struggles and we can see the light still burning and feel

that it may continue. Hope lingers in the citadel of our thoughts, but when the time cord is cut and the light goes out and darkness enters in, to the untutored mind all is gloom. Poor old grandma will find her place among those who have gone before and take up her new lamp of life that will reveal to her more than she ever dreamed of in this life, that has been cramped by the duties she had to fill. We should be glad that she does not have to suffer with a worn out body longer. Let her take on new conditions and prepare a place for those she loved, that must follow her, as certainly as the leaves come and go with the seasons. Death is as natural as birth and just as necessary in the economy of nature.

The early teaching of the churches has made death a great chasm of uncertainty. If you did not follow their dogmatic road you would surely go wrong, but since people read and think for themselves, they can reason out that much was founded on man's superstition and ignorance, and death does not seem so black. Now they bring flowers and do many things that would have been considered sacrilegious and they would have been punished with some severe punishment. The mourning garb is gradually disappearing, and in time all these old customs of sadness will be of the past when death is better understood.

CHAPTER XXXIV.

I know of no better ending for my sketch than a short history of Billy Gallatin, as we called him. He was an Indian pony and was captured from the chief of the Cheyennes, Tall Bull, by the Fifth U. S. Regiment in Wyoming, in the year 1868 or 1869. It was quite a battle and the Indians were badly routed. Lieutenant

Mason made the capture of the Chief's race horse and Billy and brought them to Fort Russell, near the city of Cheyenne, and won several races with the horse, got into some trouble and was killed in some dispute over the race. He tried to make a race with the pony and offered to place one thousand dollars that Billy could beat any pony in Colorado or Wyoming, on a running race, but could not find anyone to take up his offer, so he ran him on time and won a considerable sum on him.

After Mason's death, Billy went into the hands of a Mr. Gline, a liveryman of Cheyenne, and Gline was indebted to me so I took Billy to secure myself. I found him to be the best riding animal I had ever rode and he had all the gaits of a Kentucky trained horse. I had no use for a horse or pony and sold him to Mr. Whitcome, a cattle raiser, near Greeley.

I then concluded to return to Denver to live and bought a home on Capitol Hill, some distance from my place of business. I needed a horse or pony and looked for something to please me but after two month's effort, could find nothing, so I wrote to Mr. Whitcome to see if he would sell Billy back to me and he said: "I do not wish to part with him. He is the best piece of horse-flesh I ever saw, and I own many horses."

I finally prevailed on him to sell him back to me, and he sent him to me. He was thin and my partner said: "Is that the wonderful pony you have described?" I said it was, and that he was all I said for him. He seemed to know everything you said to him and acted more like a human companion than an animal. He was made like a deer and carried his tail as though he were proud of it. He was clean in his habits, always ready to

greet me in his way, but if a stranger wanted to ride him, he would try to bluff him with every sign of disapproval, feet, head and ears, but not viciously. One word from me settled it. He seemed to say "All Right" by his acquiescence. When leading him he would have his head even with mine, never lagging behind, as other horses do. While in the mountains I wanted to cross a stream which was two feet deep and lead him, while I walked a log, not suspecting that he could or would follow on the log, which he did like a goat.

In this connection I will say that I dream of this pony at intervals, ever since I lost him twenty-four years ago. I have owned some twenty horses in my life, but never dreamed of any but him. He seems as real as life and I cannot help but believe that all animals live again in a future state. Is it reasonable that a faithful, intelligent horse which does his full duty even more fully than man, until he falls dead, has no right to continuity, while man, who is tricky and unfaithful, may continue to live, because he is man? This does not appear of great wisdom and to my mind, the animal in many kinds, is far superior to the lower grade of humanity, that grovels in the vilest of vile habits.

Nothing can sink so low as man, or become so repulsive, and even educated men too, whom I have in mind, that were full of vermin and befouled themselves so that they could not be tolerated in the house. No other brute if given a chance, would fall so far below his fellows, as man, in a thousand ways. Then why should he be entitled to the kingdom and a harp and heaven?

This is the final page and I wish all my friends that may scan what I have written, may overlook my short-

comings as a man and fellow traveler through this world, as I did not make myself or my thoughts. Through the drift of things I came into being, as any of you did, and I shall pass out in the same way. From whence I came or whither I shall go, is not of man but of nature, and nature knows its business. So farewell, my friends,

Yours Respectfully,

E. L. GALLATIN.

DENVER, MAY 10TH, 1900.

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